

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is lately publish'd in Latin, *Evangelium Medici, seu Medicina Mystica de Suspensis Naturæ Legibus, sive de Miraculis.* By Dr. Connor, of the Colledge of Physicians, and Fellow of the Royal Society. In Quarto. The chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of are as follows :

I. Of the Nature of a Body, particularly an Organical one, where the Structure and Natural State of the Human Body is explain'd.

II. How many Ways the Natural State of the Human Body, is said to have been Supernaturally alter'd.

III. Of the Laws of Motion, and of the three different Suspensions of the same, in order to explain all Miracles.

IV. How it can be conceived, that Water can be changed into Wine.

V. How it can be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Invulnerable, Immortal, and can live for ever without Meat, as after the Resurrection.

VI. How a Human Body can be conceived to be in a Fire without Burning.

VII. How we can conceive that an Army can pass through the Sea without Drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.

VIII. How it can be conceived that a Man can have a Bloody Sweat.

IX. Of the different Ways a Human Body can come into the World; where is given an Account of its Generation by Concourse of Man and Woman.

X. How we can conceive a Human Body can be form'd of a Woman without a Man, as Christ's.

XI. How to conceive a Human Body to be made without Man or Woman, as Adam's.

XII. How to conceive a Human Body Dead, some Ages since, to be brought to Life again, as in the Resurrection.

XIII. How many Ways it cannot be conceiv'd that a Human Body can be Intire and Alive in two Places at the same time.

XIV. Of the Natural State of the Soul, and its Influence upon the Body.

XV. Of the Supernatural, or Miraculous State of the Soul united to the Body.

There is in the Press, and will be publish'd next Trinity-Term, *A Third Volume of Familiar Letters*, written by the late Lord Rochester, the Duke of Buckingham, and Sir George Etherege, which will be intirely theirs. If any Gentlemen are willing to oblige the Publick with any Letters of those Honourable Persons own writing, they are desired to send them to Sam. Briscoe, in Covent-garden, who will print them in the next Volume.

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VII. How we can conceive that an Army can pass through the Sea without Drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.

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~~Continued from the last page~~ 1697.
Familiar Letters:

V O L. I.

Written by the Right Honourable,
John, late *Earl of Rochester*,
TO THE
Honourable *Henry Savile*, Esq;
And other LETTERS by
Persons of Honour and Quality.

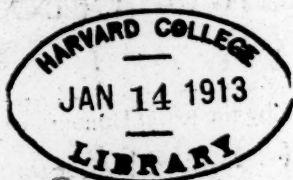
WITH
LETTERS
Written by the most Ingenious
Mr. THO. OTWAY,
AND
Mrs. K. PHILIPS.

Publiſh'd from their Original Copies.

With Modern LETTERS by *THO.*
CHEEK, Esq; *Mr. DENNIS*,
and *Mr. BROWN*.

The Second Edition with Additions.

London: Printed by *W. Onley*, for *S. Briscoe*, at the Corner
of *Charles-street*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-garden*, 1697.



Taylor fund

T O
Dr. RADCLIFF.

I Have presumed, tho' I knew at the same time how hainously I trespass'd against you in doing so, to Inscribe your Name to the following Collection of Letters. As you were no Stranger to that Excellent Person, whose Pieces Composes, by far, the most valuable part of it, so I was satisfied that every thing, from so celebrated a Hand, wou'd be acceptable and welcome to you; and in that Confidence, made bold to give you the Trouble of this Address. My Lord Rochester has left so established a Reputation behind him, that he needs no officious Pen to set out his Worth, especially to you, who were acquainted so perfectly well with all his Eminent Qualities, that made him the Delight and Envy of both Sexes, and the Ornament of our Island. In every thing of his Lordship's writing,
A 3 there's

The Epistle Dedicatory.

there's something so happily express'd, the Graces are so numerous, yet so unaffected, that I don't wonder why all the Original Touches of so incomparable a Master, have been enquired after, with so Publick and General a Concern. Most of his other Compositions, especially those in Verse, have long ago bless'd the Publick, and were received with Universal Delight and Admiration, which gives me Encouragement to believe, that his Letters will find the like Reception. Tho' most of them were written upon private Occasions, to an Honourable Person who was happy in his Lordship's Acquaintance, with no intention to be ever made publick; yet that constant good Sense, which is all along visible in them, the Justice of the Observations, and the peculiar Beauties of the Style, are Reasons sufficient, why they should no longer be conceal'd in private Hands. And indeed, at this time, when the private Plate of the Nation comes abroad to relieve the present Exigences, it seems but just, that since the Dearth of Wit is as great as that of Money, such a Treasure of good Sense and Language shou'd no longer be buried in Oblivion. With this difference, however, That whereas our Plate before it can circulate in our Markets, must receive

The Epistle Dedicatory.

receive the Royal Stamp, must be melted down, and take another Form, those Unvaluable Remains want no Alterations to recommend them; they need only be taken from the Rich Mines where they grew; for their own Intrinsick Value secures them, and his Lordship's Name is sufficient to make them Current.

As for the Letters by other Hands, that make up this Volume, some of them were written by Gentlemen, that are wholly Strangers to me, and others belong to those that are so much better known in the World than myself, that I can say nothing upon this Occasion, but what falls vastly short of their Merit. But I cannot forbear to say something of Mr. Otway's: They have that Inimitable Tenderneß in them, that I dare oppose them to any thing of Antiquity; I am sure few of the present Age can pretend to come up to them. The Passions, in the raising of which, he had a Felicity peculiar to himself, are represented in such lively Colours, that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts, with pleasing Agitations. I cou'd wish we had more Pieces of the same Hand, for I profess an intire Veneration to his Memory, and always looked upon him as the only Person, almost, that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

knew the secret Springs and Sources of Nature, and made a true use of them. Love, as it is generally managed by other Hands, is either raving and enthusiastical, or else dull and languishing: In him alone 'tis true Nature, and at the same time inspires us with Compassion and Delight. After this, I will not venture to say any thing of my own Trifles that bring up the Rear. Some of 'em were written long ago, and now huddled in haste; the rest had a little more Care and Labour bestow'd upon them. If they contribute in the least to your Entertainment, which was my only Design in publishing them, I have attain'd my Ends: I have some others by me, which I may, perhaps, publish hereafter, if these meet with any tolerable Success.

I need not, and I am sure I cannot make you a better Panegyrick than to acquaint the World, that you were happy in my Lord Rochester's Friendship, that he took pleasure in your Conversation, of which even his Enemies must allow him to have been the best Judge, and that in the Politest Reign we can boast of in England. The Approbation of so impartial a Judge, who was, in his Time, a Scourge to all Blockheads, by what Names or Titles soever dignified, or
distingu-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

distinguish'd, is above all the Incense that a much better Hand than mine can presume to offer: Shou'd I put out all the Dedication Sails, as 'tis the way of most Authors, I cou'd soon erect you into a great Hero, and Deliverer; and tell how often you have triumph'd over inveterate Distempers, and restor'd the Sick to that only Blessing, that makes Life supportable. I cou'd tell how, by your single Merit, you have baffled a Faction form'd against you with equal Malice and Ignorance; I cou'd tell what Marks of Munificence you have left behind you, in the Place that was honour'd with your Education, and how generously ready you are to serve your Friends upon all Occasions. But after all, the highest thing I will pretend to say of you her is, That you were esteem'd, and valu'd, and lov'd by my Lord Rochester. 'Tis true, as there never was any Conspicuous Merit in the World, that had not, like Hercules, Monsters to encounter, so you have had your share of them; but, Heaven be prais'd, your Enemies, with all their vain Endeavours, have only served to fix your Interest, and advance your Reputation: Tho' I know you hear of nothing with more Uneasiness, than of the Favours you do; yet I cannot omit to tell, and indeed I am vain upon it, that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that you have condescended so low, as to divert those Hours you cou'd steal from the Publick, with some of my Trifles, that you have been pleased to think favourably of them, and rewarded them. For all which Obligations, I had no other way of expressing my Gratitude but this; which, I am afraid will but inflame the Reckoning, instead of paying any part of the Debt: But this has been the constant Usage in all Ages of Parnassus, and, like Senators that take Bribes, we have Antiquity and Universality to plead in our Excuse. But I forget that you are all this while in pain, till the Dedication releases you: Therefore I have nothing but my Wishes to add, That you, who have been so happy a Restorer of Health to others, may ever enjoy it yourself, that your Days may be always pleasant, and your Nights easie, and that you'll be pleas'd to forgive this Presumption in

Your most humble
and most obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

T H E

T H E

Bookseller's Preface.

HAVING, by the Assistance of a Worthy Friend, procured the following Letters that were written by the late Incomparable Earl of *Rochester* (the Originals of all which I preserve by me, to satisfy those Gentlemen, who may have the Curiosity to see them under his Lordship's hand) I was encouraged to trouble others of my Friends, that had any Letters in their Custody, to make this Collection, which I now publish.

Indeed the Letters that were written by the abovemention'd Honourable Person, have something so happy in the Manner and Stile, that I need not lose my Time to convince the World they are genuine. I may say the same of Mr. *Orway's* Letters, that they are full of Life and Passion,

The Bookseller's Preface.

Passion, and sufficiently discover their Author. And that this Collection might be compleat, I got some that were written by the Fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Katherine Phillips*, to be added to the rest; together with others by some Gentlemen now living, that the Reader might have a Variety of Entertainment.

Our Neighbouring Nations, whom I don't believe we come short of in any respect, have printed several Volumes of Letters, which meet with publick Approbation; I am satisfied, that if the Gentlemen of *England* wou'd be as free, and Communicative to part with theirs, we might show as great a Number, and as good a Choice as they have done. It has been used as an Objection against publishing things of this Nature, That, if they are written as they ought to be, they shou'd never be made publick. But I hope this Collection will disarm that Objection; for tho' the Reader may not understand every particular Passage, yet there are other things in them that will make him sufficient Amends.

I have only a word more to add: Upon the Noise of this Collection, several Gentlemen have been so kind, as to send me

The Bookseller's Preface.

me in Materials to compose a Second, which is now printed ; and, on the Printing the Second, I have procured as many of the Lord *Rochester's* the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etheridge*, which will almost make a third Vol. which if I can compleat, it shall be publish'd next *Trinity-Term* ; and therefore those Gentlemen that have any Curious Letters by them, written by those Honourable Persons, and are willing to oblige the Publick, by letting them come abroad, are desired to send them to me, who will take care to have them faithfully Transcrib'd for the Press, and Printed in the third Vol. which will be intirely theirs, and no modern one mixt with them.

SAM. BRISCOE.

A
T A B L E

Of all the
Letters in this Volume.

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ADVER-

BOOKS newly Printed for R. Wellington, at the Lute in St. Paul Church-yard.

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Familiar Letters,

By the Right Honourable,

J O H N,

L A T E

Earl of *ROCHESTER*,

V O L. I.

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE,

Dear SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming one of your
 pious Principles, in preserving
 your humble Servant *Rochester*,
 from the imminent Peril of Sobriety;
 which, for want of good Wine, more
 B than

than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken to *wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in *Town*; and pray let not this highest Point of *Sacred Friendship* be perform'd *slightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-discerning Pallat (the best Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid-a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou dost hope to *out-do MACHIAVEL, or equal ME,* send some good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul

by John E. of Rochester. 3

Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring
'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and
Lewdness ! Maist thou be admir'd and
lov'd for thy *domestick Wit* ; *belov'd* and
cherish'd for thy *foreign Interest* and *In-*
telligence.

ROCHESTER.

B 2

T O

T O T H E
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman intirely ; for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my self, I care not which way it turns, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who, with much endeavour, and some danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they
were

by John E. of Rochester. 5

were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G—y to many an Hours sleep, which he wants in the Night: But G—y would be rich; and, by my troth, there is some sence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find rest. You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be asham'd of passing by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman G—y, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for

B 3

the

6

Familiar Letters,

the declining D——fs, and would have
you generous to her at this time; for
that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THIS Day I receiv'd the *unhappy*
News of my own *Death and Bu-*
rial. But, hearing what *Heirs* and
Successors were decreed me in *my Place*,
and *chiefly* in *my Lodgings*, it was no
small Joy to me, that *those Tydings*
prove *untrue*; my *Passion for Living*,
is so encreas'd, that I omit *no Care of*
myself; which, *before*, I never thought
Life worth the trouble of taking. The
King, who knows me to be a *very ill-*
natur'd Man, will not think it an *easy*
matter for me to *die*, now I *live chief-*
ly out of spite. Dear Mr. Savile, af-
ford me some *News* from your *Land*
of the Living; and though I have little
Curiosity to hear who's *well*, yet I would
be glad my few *Friends* are so, of whom
you are no more *the least* than *the lean-*
est. I have *better Compliments* for you,

B 4

but

8 *Familiar Letters,*

but that may not look so sincere as I
would have you believe I am, when I
profess myself,

Your faithful, affectionate,

humble Servant,

Adderbury, *near*
Banbury, Feb. ult.

ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middlesex.*

T O'

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great straight what to write to you; the stile of *Business* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Ministry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can trust with confidence all those You are liable to, *so well I know you*, and *so perfectly I love you*. We are in such a *settled Happiness*, and such *merry Security* in this place, that, if it were not for *Sickness*, I could pass my time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of *malicious mistaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expose *new Rarities* of *that kind* every day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to you, are things *Gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare

dare not trust to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour and Protection*, and whose *Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly, if it might suit with your *Character*, at your times of leisure, to Mr. Baptist's Acquaintance, the happy Consequence would be *Singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a share not unworthy the greatest *Embassadors*, nor to be despis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legare*; the greatest and gravest of *this Court of both Sexes* have tasted his *Beauties*; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here*, in *this Point* mainly; and there is no part of the *Plot* carried with so much *Secresie* and *Vigour* as *this*. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and my Lord S—'s *Imprisonment* is no *check* to any. An account of Mr. George Porter's *Retirement*, upon News that Mr. Grimes, with one *Gentleman* more, had invaded *England*, Mr. S—'s *Apology*, for making Songs on the Duke of M. with his *Oration-Consolatory* on my Lady D—'s Death, and a *Politick Dissertation* between my Lady P—s and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatises* of the like nature, are things worthy your perusal; but I durst not
send

by John E. of Rochester. 11

send 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Consequence* it might draw upon your *Circumstances* and *Character*; but if they will admit a *Correspondence* of that kind, in which *alone* I dare presume to think myself *capable*, I shall be very *industrious* in that way, or any *other*, to keep you from *forgetting*,

Your most affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

White-hall,

Nov. 1.

79.

ROCHESTER.

TO

T O T H E
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WERE I as *Idle* as ever, which I shou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a small *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *disbrievell'd Rays* guild the *Tops of the Palaces in Leather-lane*: Then shou'd *those vile Enchanters* Barten and Ginman, lead forth their *Illustrious Captives in Chains of Quicksilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms* to the *loathsome Banks of a dead Lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, shou'd break the *horrid Silence*, and speak the *most passionate fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd; which being *softly* and *sweetly* reply'd to by *Mrs. Roberts*, shou'd *rudely* be interrupted by the *envious F——*. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till the *gentle Reader* bath'd with the *Tribute* of his Eyes, the *Names* of such *unfortunate Lovers*—

And

by John E. of Rochester. 13

And this (I take it) wou'd be a most excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my *most Pockey Friends, Companions and Mistresses*. But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the Wise* have it) when a Man, *half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but so it falls out to my Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapse*, brought by a *Feaver, the Stone, and some ten Diseases more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd some Days ago; and now I fear, I must *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which *time*, in all probability, there may be a period added to the *ridiculous being* of

Your humble Servant,

R O C H E S T E R.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my return from *New-market*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more surprized at the *Indirectness* of Mr. P.'s *Proceeding*, than overjoy'd at the *Kindness* and *Care* of yours. *Misery* makes all Men less or more dishonest; and I am not astonish'd to see *Villany* industrious for Bread; especially, living in a place where it is often so *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, the *Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get some Money, or else he is put upon it by Some-body, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: However, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a *Proof* of your *Friendship*; and I am now
sen-

by John E. of Rochester. 15
sensible, that it is *natural* for you to
be *kind* to me, and can *never more* de-
spair of it.

I am your faithful, oblig'd,

Bishop-Stafford,
Apr. 5. 80.

humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE,
Embassador in FRANCE.

Begun, White-hall, May 30th, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *sincerely*) but *Idleness* on one side, and not knowing what to say on the *other*, has hindred me from Writing to you, after so *kind a Letter*, and *the Present* you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble Thanks. *Changes in this place* are so frequent, that *F—— himself* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will ensue *to Morrow*; and *Accidents* are so *extravagant*, that my Lord *W——* intending to *Lie*, has, with a *Prophetick Spirit*, once *told truth*. Every Man in this Court thinks he stands fair for *Minister*; some give it
to

by John E. of Rochester. 17

to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr. *Waller* says *S*—— does all; I am sure my Lord *A*—— does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Discourse of *Politick Persons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himself upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *auspicious* and *advantageous* to the drift of the present Councils: The rest of the *Scots*, and especially *D. H*—— are very inquisitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make a handsome Figure in this Conjunction at *London*. What the *D.* of *Monmouth* will effect, is now the general expectation, who took Post unexpectedly, left all that had offer'd their Service in this Expedition, in the lurch; and, being attended only by *Sir Thomas Armstrong*, and Mr. *C*—— will, without question, have the full Glory as well of the Prudential as the Military Part of this Action entire to himself. The most profound Politicians have weighty Brows, and careful Aspects at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That Mr. *Langhorn*, to save his Life, offers a Discovery of *Priests* and *Jesuits* Lands, to the value of *Four-score and ten thousand Pounds a Year*;

C

which

which being accepted, it is fear'd, *Partisans* and *Undertakers* will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Mony upon *this Fund*, to the utter *Interruption of Parliaments*, and the *Destruction of many hopeful Designs*. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the *least* by Mr. P—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my *serious Abilities*, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-eye to *Business*: And now I cannot deny you a share in the *high satisfaction* I have receiv'd at the account which flourishes here of your *high Protestancy at Paris*: *Charenton* was never so Honour'd, as since your *Residence and Ministry in France*, to *that degree*, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be sitting at your return, or otherwise the Mayor and Common-Council, will Petition the King you may be dignified with the *Title of that place*, by way of *Earldom or Dukedom*, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S—— is a Man of that *tenderness of Heart*, and approv'd *Humanity*, that he will doubtless be highly *afflicted* when he
hears

by John E. of Rochester. 19

• hears of *the unfortunate Pilgrims*, tho' he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of *his own best Concubine*, and *your fair Kinswoman M*—— who now starves. The Packet inclos'd in your last, I read with all the sence of Compassion it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my Endeavours for that Fair Unfortunate, she shall have a speedy account. I thank God, there is yet a *Harry Savile in England*, with whom I drank your Health last Week at Sir *William Coventry's*; and who, in *Features, Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me *so lively an Idea of yourself*, that I am resolv'd to retire into *Oxfordshire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or *you* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

C 2

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

ANY kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as you, is very agreeable; and therefore you will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the opportunity of Writing to you: But Mr. Powy comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I must tell you, I pray for *your happy Restoration*; but was not at all sorry for your *glorious Disgrace*, which is an Honour, considering the *Cause*. I wou'd say something to the *serious* part (as you were pleas'd to call it) of your *former Letter*; but it will disgrace my Politicks to differ from yours, who have wrought now sometime under *the best* and *keenest Statesmen* our Cabinet boasts of: But, to confess the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your Measures just contrary to your Rivals,*
live

by John E. of Rochester. 21

live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King: Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd you can't commit greater Folly than pretending to be Jealous; but, on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart and all the Faculties you have, contribute to his Pleasure all you can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so you be at one end, 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when you can, at other times help it.— Thus, I have giv'n you an account how unfit I am to give the Advice you propos'd: Besides this, you may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought otherwise; and so truly I have renounc'd Business; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject; and, for this time, I beg, this may suffice, from

*Your humble and most affectionate
faithful Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

C 3

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

TIs not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only chuse to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languish all the Day in the tediousness of doing nothing, that I write to you; but owning, that (tho' you excel most Men in Friendship and good Nature) you are not quite exempt from all Human Frailty, I send this to hinder you from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The World, ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any alterations; and therefore I can have no curiosity for News; only I wou'd be glad to know if the Parliament be like to sit any time; for the Peers of *England* being grown of late Years very considerable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Session. *Livy* and Sick-
ness

by John E. of Rochest cr. 23

ness has a little inclin'd me to Policy;
when I come to Town I make no question
but to change that Folly for some less;
whether Wine or Women I know not;
according as my Constitution serves me:
Till when (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When
you Dine at my Lord *Lisle's* let me be re-
membred.

Kings and Princes are only as Incom-
prehensible as what they *pretend* to repre-
sent; but apparently as Frail as Those
they Govern.— This is a Season of Tri-
bulation; and I piously beg of Almighty
God, that the strict Severity shewn to one
scandalous Sin amongst us, may Expiate
for all grievous Calamities.— So help
them God, whom it concerns!

C 4

T O

T O T H E
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

*I*F Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God help the Wicked; was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of Yore, lov'd a Glass of Wine, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and sometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. Savile) forgive me, if I confess, that, upon several occasions, you have put me in mind of this fat Person, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your present Circumstances, I cannot but say with myself, If loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lantherdale*, bring Banishments and Pox, the Lord have mercy upon poor Thieves and S—s! But, by this time, all your Inconveniencies (for, to a Man of your very good Sence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end; For my own part, I'm taking pains

by John E. of Rochester. 25

pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about : But most Human Affairs are carried on at the same nonsensical rate, which makes me, (who am now grown Superstitious) think it a Fault to laugh at the Monky we have here, when I compare his Condition with Mankind. You will be very good-natur'd if you keep your Word, and write to me sometimes: And so good Night, dear Mr. Savile.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

Whether *Love, Wine, or Wisdom*,
(which rule you by turns) have
the present Ascendant, I cannot pretend
to determine at this distance; but *Good-*
nature, which waits about you with more
diligence than *Godfrey* himself, is my *Se-*
curity, that you are *unmindful* of your ab-
sent Friends: To be from you, and for-
gotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I
never was criminal enough to *merit*, since
to the *Black and Fair Countess*, I villa-
nously *betray'd* the daily Addresses of
your divided Heart: You forgave that
upon *the first Bottle*, and upon *the second*,
on my Conscience, wou'd have re-
nounc'd *them and the whole Sex*; Oh!
That second Bottle (Harry!) is the *Sin-*
gerest, Wifest, and most Impartial Down-
right Friend we have; tells us truth of
ourselves, and forces us to speak Truths
of

by John E. of Rochester. 27

of others; banishes *Flattery* from our Tongues, and *distrust* from our Hearts, sets us above the mean Policy of Court-Prudence; which makes us lie to one another all Day, for fear of being betray'd by each other at Night. And (before God) I believe, the errantest Villain breathing, is honest as long as that Bottle lives, and few of that Tribe dare venture upon him, at least, among the Courtiers and Statesmen. I have seriously consider'd one thing, That the three Businesses of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks*, and *Drinking*, the last is the only Exercise at which you and I have not prov'd ourselves errant Fumblers: If you have the *Vanity* to think otherwise; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of both Sexes, and as they shall determine, live and die their Drunkards, or entire Lovers. For, as we mince the Matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresom Creature, loving Drunkard, or the drunken Lover.

If you ventur'd your fat Buttock a Gallop to Portsmouth, I doubt not but thro' extream Gallin, you now lie Bed-ridden of the Piles, or *Fistula in Ano*, and have the leisure to write to your Country-Acquaintance,

28 *Familiar Letters,*

tance, which if you omit I shall take the Liberty to conclude you *very Proud*. *Such a Letter* shou'd be directed to me at *Ad-derbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within these three Days.

Bath, the 22^d
of June.

From your

obedient humble Servant,

R O C H E S T E R.

T O

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WHether *Love* or the *Politicks* have the greater Interest in your Journey to *France*, because it is argu'd among *wiser Men*, I will not conclude upon; but hoping so much from your Friendship, that, without reserve, you will trust me with the time of your stay in *Paris*, I have writ this to assure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Resolutions are to improve this Winter for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*, and if the *Temptation* of seeing you, be added to the *Desires* I have already, the Sin is so sweet, that I am resolv'd to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libra nos a Malo*— *For thine is, &c.*

Oxford, Sep.
temb. 5.

ROCHESTER.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

TIS not the *least* of my Happiness, that I think you love me; but *the first* of all my *Pretensions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to *deserve* it. If there be a *real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which all others are meer fantastical. How few of us are fit stuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholly experience.

However, dear *Harry*! Let us not give out, nor despair of bringing that about, which, as it is the most difficult, and rare Accident of Life, is also the best; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has so entirely possess'd me since I came into the Country,
(where,

by John E. of Rochester. 31

(where, only, one can think; for, you at Court think not at all; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing, but the Noise that is made about you) that I have made many Serious Reflections upon it, and, amongst others, gather'd one Maxime, which I desire, shou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. G—; That, *we are bound in Morality and common Honesty, to endeavour after Competent Riches*; since it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneasy in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm and clear in their Friendships. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thousand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd within himself. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philosophy to the Dog-days, and living alone. To prevent the Inconveniences of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on Sunday next, in Visitation to my Lord Treasurer: Be so Politick; or be so Kind, (or a little of both, which is better) as to step down thither, if
famous

32 *Familiar Letters,*
famous Affairs at *Windsor*, do not de-
tain you. Dear *Harry*! I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate,

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If you see the Dutcheſs of P—— ve-
ry often, take ſome opportunity to talk
to her about what I ſpoke to you at
London.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honest Man,
to be happy in his Friends, sure I
were mark'd out for the worst of Men;
since no one e'er lost so many as I have
done, or knew to make so few. The
Severity you say the Dutcheffs of P——
shews to me, is a proof, that 'tis not in
my power to deserve well of Any-body;
since (I call Truth to Witness) I have
never been guilty of an Errour, that I
know, to her: And this may be a Warn-
ing to you, that remain in the Mistake
of being kind to me, never to expect a
grateful Return; since I am so utterly
ignorant how to make it: To value you
in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my
Wishes, to serve you in my Words; to
observe, study, and obey you in all my
Actions, is too little; since I have per-
formed all this to her, without so much

D

as

as an offensive Accident. And yet she thinks it just, to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the wrong; I must have a very melancholly Opinion of myself. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of her's, not mine, to tell how I have deserv'd it of her, since she has ne'r accus'd me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunniger than I, to perswade her so. I can as well support the Hatred of the whole World, as Anybody, not being generally fond of it. Those whom I have oblig'd, may use me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by those who have oblig'd me, and to whose Service I am ever bound; is such a Curse, as I can only wish on them who wrong me to the Dutchess.

I hope you have not forgot what G—y and you have promis'd me; but within some time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I shall scarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my Master

by John E. of Rochester. 35

ster has no need of my Service, nor my
Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepherd* is a Man of a fluent Stile
and coherent Thought ; if, as I suspect,
he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every
Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

R O C H E S T E R.

D 2

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU, who have known me these ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom sad, even under these weighty Oppressions; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose, (if you will consider that Trifle too) can have the Power to depress the natural Alacrity of my careless Soul; especially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit and Good-nature, two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho it were breaking? I wonder at *M——*'s flaunting it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is an alter'd Person since I saw him;

by John E. of Rochester. 37

him ; for, since I can remember, neither his ownself, nor any belonging to him, were ever out of Rags : His Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in appearance ; for, of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand C—ts, than Second-hand Shoes ; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftener. I wish the King were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may possibly be omitted ; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some old Beauties and young Deformities, who swam, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himself like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward ; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear the whole Parish of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The King had never such an opportunity ; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave he must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* or *Cossacks*. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most unwitty Generation, the present Poets, I rejoyce in it

D 3

with

38 *Familiar Letters,*

with all my Heart, and shall take it for a Favour, if you will send me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to those Rogues, tho' never so dully express'd. And now, dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my self with an handsom Period.

ROCHESTER.

T O

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THO' I am almost *Blind*, utterly
Lame, and scarce within the rea-
sonable hopes of ever seeing *London* a-
gain, I am not yet so wholly mortified
and dead to the taste of all Happiness,
not to be extreamly reviv'd at the receipt
of a kind Letter from an old Friend,
who in all probability might have laid
me aside in his Thoughts, if not quite
forgot me by this time. I ever thought
you an extraordinary Man, and must
now think you such a Friend, who, be-
ing a Courtier, as you are, can love a
Man whom it is the great Mode to
hate. Catch Sir G. H. or Sir Carr, at
such an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am
mistaken: For the hideous Department,
which you have heard of, concerning
running naked, so much is true, that

D 4

we

we went into the River somewhat late in the Year, and had a Frisk for forty Yards in the Meadow, to dry ourselves. I will appeal to the King and the Duke, If they had not done as much; nay, my Lord-Chancellor, and the Archbishops both, when they were School-boys? And, at these Years, I have heard the one Declaim'd like *Cicero*, the others Preach'd like *St. Austin*: Prudenter Persons, I conclude, they were, ev'n in Hanging-sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry, (of which I must own myself the most unfolid) can hope to appear, ev'n in their ripest Manhood.

And now, (*Mr. Savile*) since you are pleas'd to quote yourself for a grave Man of the Number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat Nudities led the Coranto round *Rosamond's* fair Fountain, while the poor violated Nymph wept to behold the strange Decay of Manly Parts, since the Days of her dear *Harry* the Second: P—— ('tis confess'd) you shew'd but little of; but for A—— and B——, (a filthier

by John E. of Rochester. 41

thier Ostentation! God wot) you expos'd more of that Nastiness in your two Folio Volumes, than we altogether in our six Quarto's. *Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye, &c.* And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutch-men* merry; a thing I would avoid, like killing Punaises, the filthy Savour of *Dutch-mirth* being more terrible. If GOD, in Mercy, has made 'em hush and melancholly, do not you rouze their sleeping Mirth, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish my self in Town to serve him in some refin'd Pleasures; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutch-man* to think of.

The best Present I can make at this time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the King may hear his Tunes, when he is easie and private, because I am sure they will divert him extreamly: And may he ever have Harmony in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears: May he

he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully,
love safely and tenderly, live long and
happily; ever prays (Dear Savile) *un*
Bougre lasse qui era toute sa foutue reste de
Vie,

Vostre fidelle, amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

ROCHESTER.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours
the surprizing Account of my
Lady Dutcheſs's more than ordinary In-
dignation againſt me, I was newly
brought in dead of a Fall from my
Horſe, of which I ſtill remain Bruis'd
and Bedrid, and can now ſcarce think
it a Happineſs that I ſav'd my Neck.
What ill Star reigns over me, that I'm
ſtill mark'd out for Ingratitude, and on-
ly us'd barbarouſly to thoſe I am oblig'd
to! Had I been troubleſom to her in
pinning the Dependance of my Fortune
upon her Solicitations to the King, or
her Unmerited Recommendations of me
to ſome Great Man; it would not have
mov'd my Wonder much, if ſhe had
ſought any Occaſion to be rid of a uſe-
leſs Trouble: But, a Creature, who had
already receiv'd of her all the Obligations
lie

he ever could pretend to, except the continuance of her good Opinion, for the which he resolv'd, and did direct every step of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why should she take the Advantage of a false idle Story, to hate such a Man; as if it were an Inconvenience to her to be harmless, or a Pain to continue just? By that God that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the least Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted Treason, conceal'd Arms, Train'd Regiments for a Rebellion. If there be upon Earth a Man of Common Honesty, who will justifie a Tittle of her Accusation, I am contented never to see her. After this, she need not forbid me to come to her, I have little Pride or Pleasure in shewing myself where I am accus'd of a Meanness I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a shrewder Tryal of my Honesty than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutcheß of P—— more an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the first, it shall be the most malicious

by John E. of Rochester. 45

cious thing I will ever say of her. For her generous Resolution of not hurting me to the King, I thank her; but she must think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him Knave, to say she will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Countess of P——, whatever she has heard me say, or any body else, of her, I'll stand the Test of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue so. I do not know how to assure myself the D. will spare me to the King, who would not to you; I'm sure she can't say I ever injur'd you to her; nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with you; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt so indiscreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendship I profess to you. And, to shew you I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me the fair hearing she wou'd afford any Footman of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a less-worthy Creature, (for such a one, I assure myself, my Accuser is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most
faith-

46 *Familiar Letters,*

faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be proud of mine. I would not be run down by a Company of Rogues, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore (dear *Harry*) send me word, how I am with other Folks; if you visit my Lord Treasurer, name the Calamity of this Matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it: And, if you hear the King mention me, do the Office of a Friend, to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THE Lowliness of Affairs in this Place, is such (forgive the unmannerly Phrase! Expressions must descend to the Nature of Things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much less one of a publick Character, with the Retail of them, the general Heads, under which this whole Island may be consider'd, are Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these, make an agreeable Variety; Busy Fools and Cautious Knaves are bred out of 'em, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort, we have fewer now than ever, Hypocrisie being the only Vice in decay amongst us, few Men here dissemble their being Rascals; and no Woman disowns being a Whore. Mr. O— was try'd two Days ago for Buggery, and clear'd: The next Day he brought
his

his Action to the *Kings-Bench*, against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Protestant Cause*. I have sent you herewith a Libel, in which my own share is not the least; the King having perus'd it, is no ways dissatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr. ———, his Patron my L—— ——— having a Panegerick in the midst; upon which happen'd a handsome Quarrel between his L——, and Mrs. B—— at the Dutchess of P——; she call'd him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which he answer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never car'd to be imploy'd in making. ——— Rogue and Bitch ensued, till the King, taking his Grand-father's Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to Love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU are the *only* Man of *England*,
that keep *Wit* with your *Wisdom*;
and I am happy in a *Friend* that excels
in both, were your *Good Nature* the
least of your *Good Qualities*, I durst
not presume upon it, as I have done;
but I know you are so sincerely con-
cern'd in serving your Friends truly,
that I need not make an *Apology* for
the Trouble I have given you in this
Affair.

I daily expect more considerable Ef-
fects of your Friendship, and have the
Vanity to think, I shall be the better
for your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you please
to distinguish from *Profers* and *Wind-*
ham, and comply with *Rosers* and *Bull*,
E not

50 *Familiar Letters, &c.*

not forgetting *John Stevens*, you shall
find me

Your most Ready

and most Obedient Servant,

ROCHESTER.

*The End of the late Earl of
Rochester's Letters.*

THE

T H E
E. of L-----'s LETTER

To the Honourable

Algernoon Sidney.

Difuse of Writing hath made it uneasie to me, Age makes it hard, and the Weakness of Sight and Hand, makes it almost impossible. This may excuse me to *Every-body*, and particularly to *you*, who have not invited me much unto it, but rather have given me cause to think, that you were willing to save me the labour of Writing, and yourself the trouble of Reading my Letters: For, after you had left me sick, solitary and sad, at *Penshurst*, and that you had resolved to undertake the Employment wherein you have lately been, you neither came to give me a Farewel, nor

E 2

did

52 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

did so much as send one to me, but only writ a wrangling Letter or two concerning Mony, and *Hoskins*, and Sir *Robert Honynwood's* Horse; and though both before and after your going out of *England*, you writ to divers other Persons, the first Letter that I received from you, was dated, as I remember, the 13th of *September*; the second in *November*, wherein you take notice of your Mother's Death; and if there were one more, that was all, until Mr. *Sterry* came, who made such haste from *Penshurst*, that coming very late at Night, he would not stay to Dine the next Day, nor to give me time to *Write*. It is true, that since the Change of Affairs here, and of your Condition there, your Letters have been more frequent; and if I had not thought my Silence better both for you and myself, I would have written more than once or twice unto you; but though, for some Reasons, I did forbear, I failed not to desire others to write unto you, and with their own, to convey the best Advice that my little Intelligence and weak Judgment cou'd afford; particularly not to expect new *Authorities* nor *Orders* from hence, not to stay

in

The E. of L——'s Letter. 53

in any of the Places of your Negotiation, not to come into England, much less to expect a Ship to be sent for you; or to think, that an Account was, or wou'd be expected of you here, unless it were of Matters very different from your Transactions there; that it wou'd be best for you presently to divest yourself of the Character of a Publick Minister, to dismiss all your Train, and to retire into some safe place, not very near nor very far from England, that you might hear from your Friends sometimes. And for this I advis'd Hamburg, where I hear you are, by your Man Powel, or by them that have received Letters from you, with Presents of Wine and Fish, which I do not reproach nor envy.

Your last Letter to me had no Date of Time or Place; but, by another at the same time to Sir John Temple, of the 28th of July, as I remember, sent by Mr. Misfonden, I guess that mine was of the same Date: By those that I have had, I perceive that you have been misadvertis'd; for though I meet with no Effects nor Marks of Displeasure, yet I find no such Tokens or Fruits of Favour, as may give

54 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

me either *Power* or *Credit* for those Undertakings and good Offices, which, perhaps, you expect of me.

And now I am again upon the Point of retiring to my poor Habitation, having for myself no other Design, than to pass the small remainder of my Days innocently and quietly; and, if it please God, to be gathered in Peace to my Fathers. And concerning you, what to resolve in myself, or what to advise you, truly I know not: For, you must give me leave to remember of how little Weight my Opinions and Counsels have been with you, and how unkindly and unfriendly you have rejected those Exhortations and Admonitions, which in much Affection and Kindness I have given you upon many Occasions, and in almost every thing, from the highest to the lowest, that hath concerned you; and this you may think sufficient to discourage me from putting my Advices into the like Danger: Yet, somewhat I will say: And, First, I think it unfit, and (perhaps) as yet, unsafe for you to come into *England*; for, I believe, *Powel* hath told you, that he heard, when he was

The E. of L——'s Letter. 55

was here, *That you were likely to be excepted out of the General Act of Pardon and Oblivion* : And though I know not what you have done or said here or there, yet I have several ways heard, That there is as ill an Opinion of you, as of any, even of those that condemned the late King : And when I thought there was no other Exception to you, than your being of the other Party, I spoke to the General in your behalf, who told me, That very ill Offices had been done you, but he would assist you as much as justly he could ; and I intended then also to speak to Some-body else, you may guess whom I mean : But, since that, I have heard such things of you, that in the doubtfulness only of their being true, no Man will open his Mouth for you. I will tell you some Passages, and you shall do well to clear yourself of them. It is said, That the University of *Copenhagen* brought their *Album* unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did *scribere in Albo* these words,

*Manus hac inimica Tyrannis,
Ense petit placida cum Libertate quietem :*

E 4

And

56 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

And put your Name to it. This cannot chuse but be publickly known, if it be true. It is said also, That a *Minister*, who hath married a Lady *Laurence* here of *Chelsey*, but now dwelling at *Copenhagen*, being there in Company with you, said, I think you were none of the late King's Judges, nor guilty of his Death, meaning our King. *Guilty!* said you; *Do you call that Guilt? Why, 'twas the justest and bravest Action that ever was done in England, or any where else;* with other words to the same effect. It is said also, That you having heard of a Design to seize upon you, or to cause you to be taken Prisoner, you took notice of it to the King of *Denmark* himself, and said, *I hear there is a Design to seize upon me: But who is it that hath that Design?* Esteem our Bandit. By which you are understood to mean the King.

Besides this, it is reported, That you have been heard to say many scornful and contemptuous things of the King's Person and Family; which, unless you can justify yourself, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten: For, such Personal Offences make deeper Impressions than

Publick

The E. of L——'s Letter. 57

Publick Actions either of War or Treaty. Here is a Resident, as he calls himself, of the King of *Denmark*, whose Name (as I hear) is *Pedcombe*; he hath visited me, and offered his readiness to give you any Assistance in his Power or Credit with the Embassadour, Mr. *Alfield*, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his first Audience. I have not seen Mr. *Pedcombe* since; but, within a few Days I will put him in mind of his Profession of Friendship to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir *Robert Honynwood* is also come hither; and, as I hear, the King is graciously pleased to admit him to his Presence, which will be somewhat the better for you, because then the Exceptions against your Employment and Negotiation, wherein you were Colleague, will be removed, and you will have no more to answer for, than your own particular Behaviour. I believe Sir *Robert Honynwood* will be industrious enough to procure Satisfaction to the Merchants in the Business of Money, wherein he will have the Assistance of Sir *John Temple*; to whom I refer you for that and some other things.

58 *The E. of L—'s Letter.*

I have little to say to your Complaints of your Sister *Strayford's* unequal Returns to your Affection and Kindness, but that I am sorry for it, and that you are well enough serv'd for bestowing so much of your Care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiser hereafter. She and her Husband have not yet paid the Thousand Pounds, whereof you are to have your part, by my Gift; for so, I think, you are to understand it, tho' your Mother desired it; and if for the Payment thereof your being in *England*, or in some Place not far off, be necessary, as some pretend, for the Sealing of some Writings, I think that, and other Reasons, sufficient to persuade you to stay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your Friends, and they from you. I am wholly against your going into *Italy* as yet, till more may be known of your Condition, which, for the present, is hard; and, I confess, that I do not yet see any more than this, that either you must live in Exile, or very privately here; and (perhaps) not safely; for
though

The E. of L.—'s Letter. 59

though the Bill of Indemnity be lately passed, yet if there be any particular and great Displeasure against you, as I fear there is, you may feel the Effects thereof from the Higher Powers, and receive Affronts from the Inferiour: Therefore you were best to stay at *Hamburgh*, which, for a Northern Situation, is a good place, and healthful. I will help you as much as I can in discovering and informing you of what concerns you; though, as I began, so I must end, with telling you, That Writing is now grown troublesome to

London, Aug. 30.
1660.

Your Affectionate

Le---

The

The Honourable
Algernoon Sidney's
LETTER,
A G A I N S T
B R I B E R Y,
A N D
Arbitrary Government.

Written to his Friends, in Answer to
Theirs, perswading his Return to
England.

S I R,

I Am sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the Advices of my Friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 61

mit my Interest to theirs ; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the Act of Indemnity is pass'd, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own Judgment and Choice. I confess, we are naturally inclin'd to delight in our own Country, and I have a particular Love to mine; I hope I have given some Testimony of it; I think that being exil'd from it is a great Evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my Blood: But when that Country of mine, which us'd to be esteem'd a Paradise, is now like to be made a Stage of Injury, the Liberty which we hoped to establish oppress'd, all manner of Prophaneness, Loosness, Luxury and Lewdness set up in its height; instead of the Piety, Virtue, Sobriety, and Modesty, which we hoped God, by our Hands, would have introduc'd; the Best of our Nation made a Prey to the Worst; the Parliament, Court and Army corrupted, the People enslav'd, all things vendible, and no Man safe, but by such evil and infamous Means as Flattery and Bribery; what Joy can I have in my own Country in this Condition? Is it a Pleasure

62 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

sure to see all that I love in the World
fold and destroy'd? Shall I renounce all
my old Principles, learn the vile Court-
arts, and make my Peace by bribing some
of them? Shall their Corruption and
Vice be my Safety? Ah! no; better is a
Life among Strangers, than in my own
Country upon such Conditions. Whil'st
I live, I will endeavour to preserve my
Liberty; or, at least, not consent to the
destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the
same Principle in which I have lived,
and will live no longer than they can
preserve me. I have in my Life been
guilty of many Follies, but, as I think of
no meanness, I will not blot and defile
that which is past, by endeavouring to
provide for the future. I have ever had
in my Mind, that when God should cast
me into such a Condition, as that I can-
not save my Life, but by doing an inde-
cent thing, He shews me the time is
come wherein I should resign it. And
when I cannot live in my own Country,
but by such means as are worse than dy-
ing in it, I think He shews me, I ought
to keep myself out of it. Let them please
themselves with *making the King glorious*,
who think a *Whole People* may justly be
sacri-

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Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 63

sacrific'd for the Interest and Pleasure of
One Man, and a few of his Followers: Let
them rejoice in their Subtilty, who, by be-
traying the former Powers, have gain'd
the Favour of this, not only preserv'd, but
advanc'd themselves in these dangerous
Changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they
may find the King's Glory is their Shame,
his Plenty the Peoples Misery; and that
the gaining of an Office, or a little Mony,
is a poor Reward for destroying a Na-
tion! (which, if it were preserv'd in Li-
berty and Vertue, would truly be the
most glorious in the World) and that o-
thers may find they have, with much
Pains, purchas'd their own Shame and
Misery, a dear Price paid for that which
is not worth keeping, nor the Life that
is accompanied with it; the Honour of
Englisb Parliaments have ever been in
making the Nation glorious and happy,
not in selling and destroying the Interest
of it, to satisfie the Lusts of one Man.
Miserable Nation! that, from so great a
height of Glory, is fallen into the most
despicable Condition in the World, of
having all its Good depending upon the
Breath and Will of the vilest Persons in
it! cheated and sold by them they trust-
ed!

64 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

ed! Infamous Traffick, equal almost in Guilt to that of *Judas*! In all preceeding Ages, Parliaments have been the Pillars of our Liberty, the sure Defenders of the Oppressed: They, who formerly could bridle Kings, and keep the Ballance equal between them and the People, are now become the Instruments of all our Oppressions, and a Sword in his Hand to destroy us: They themselves, led by a few interested Persons, who are willing to buy Offices for themselves by the Misery of the whole Nation, and the Blood of the most worthy and eminent Persons in it. Detestable Bribes, worse than the Oaths now in fashion in this Mercenary Court! I mean, to owe neither my Life nor Liberty to any such Means; when the Innocence of my Actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the Storm be overpass'd. In short, where *Vane*, *Lambert* and *Haslerigg* cannot live in Safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in *England*, I should have expected a Lodging with them; or, tho' they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their Example, in Suffering, as I have been their Companion in Acting. I am most in Amaze at the
mista-

Algernoon Sidney's *Letter.* 65

mistaken Informations that were sent to me by my Friends, full of Expectations, of Favours, and Employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employ'd, can it be expected that I should serve a Government that seeks such detestable Ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own Peace, by persecuting and betraying my Brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself: I must live by just Means, and serve to just Ends, or not at all, after such a Manifestation of the Ways by which it is intended the King shall govern. I should have renounced any Place of Favour into which the Kindness and Industry of my Friends might have advanc'd me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroy'd. I had formerly some Jealousies, the fraudulent Proclamation for Indemnity, increas'd the imprisoning of those three Men; and turning out of all the Officers of the Army, contrary to Promise, confirm'd me in my Resolutions, not to return.

F

To

66 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

To conclude, The Tide is not to be diverted, nor the Oppress'd deliver'd; but God, in his time, will have Mercy on his People; he will save and defend them, and avenge the Blood of those who shall now perish, upon the Heads of those, who, in their Pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make Instruments of his Justice in so blessed a Work. If I can live to see that Day, I shall be ripe for the Grave, and able to say with Joy, *Lord! now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, &c.* [So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's Death.] Farewel; my Thoughts, as to King and State, depending upon their Actions. No Man shall be a more faithful Servant to him than I, if he make the Good and Prosperity of his People his Glory; none more his Enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular Friends I shall be constant in all Occasions, and to you

A most affectionate Servant,

A. SIDNEY.

To

To Madam —

I Have News to tell you : You got a new Subject yesterday ; tho', after all, (perhaps) it is no more News to you, than it would be to the Grand Seignior, or the French King : For you (Madam) either find or make Subjects where-ever you go. It is impossible to see you, without surrendring one's Heart to you ; and he that hears you talk, and can still preserve his Liberty, may (for ought I know) revive the Miracle of the *three Children in Daniel*, and call for a Chamlet Cloak to keep him warm in the midst of a Fiery Furnace. But really (Madam) I am none of those Miracle-mongers ; I am true Flesh and Blood, like the rest of my Sex ; and, as I make no Scruple to own my Passion to you, so you (Madam) without incurring the Danger of being question'd by the Parliament, may pretend to all the Rights and Priviledges of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that all Mankind, soon-

68 *A Letter by another Hand.*

er or later, must wear your Chain; for you have Beauty enough to engage the nicest Heart, though you had no Wit to set it off: And you have so plentiful a share of the last, that were you wholly destitute of the former, as I have already found to my Cost, you have but too much, you could not fail of harming the most Insensible. For my own part, I confess myself an Admirer, or, if you please, an Adorer of your Beauty: But I am a Slave, a meer downright effectual Slave to your Wit. Your very Conversation is infinitely more delicious than the Fruition of any other Woman.

Thus, my Charming Sovereign, I here profess myself your devoted Vassal and Subject. I promise you eternal Duty and Allegiance: It is neither in my Power nor Will to depose you; and I am sure it is not in your Nature to affect Arbitrary Sway. Tho' if you do, (Madam) God knows, I am a true Church of *England-man*; I shall never rebel against you in Act or Thought, but only have recourse to Prayers and Tears, and still stick to my Passive Obedience. Perhaps, Madam, you'll tell me, I have
talked

A Letter by another Hand. 69

talked more than comes to my share;
but, being *incognito*, I assume the Li-
berty of a Masquerader, and, under that
Protection, think myself safe. But, alas,
did you know how I languish for you, I
dare swear (my charming *Sylvia*!) you
would bestow some Pity upon

AMYNTAS.

F 3

To

To Madam —

I Have never had the Happiness of your Conversation but once, and then I found you so very charming, that I have wore your lovely Idea ever since in my Mind. But it is not without the least Astonishment, that I receiv'd the News of what besel you t'other Day ; it still makes me tremble, and leaves a dismal Impression behind it, not easie to be imagin'd. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what could urge you to so cruel a Resolution, that might have prov'd irreparably fatal to yourself, and matter of perpetual Affliction to your Friends? What Harm have I, and a Thousand more of your Adorers done you, that you should so terribly revenge the supposed Infidelity of another upon them? Or, Why should you, whom Beauty and Wit have put in a Capacity to subdue our whole Sex, lay to Heart the Unkindness of one Lover, who may proceed to a new Election when you please? If I had Vanity
enough

A Letter by another Hand. 71

enough to aspire to be your Privy-Counsellour, I wou'd e'en advise you to bury the remembrance of what is past, and either to punish all Mankind, as you easily may, though I need not instruct you how; or else to chuse some happy Favourite out of the Throng of your Servants, and showre your Favours upon him. If Sincerity and Truth may bid for the Purchase of your Heart, I can help you to one that thoroughly understands your Worth, and accordingly values it; that would be damn'd before he would abandon you for the greatest Princess in the Universe; that would chearfully die for your sake, and yet only lives out of Hopes, that he may one day merit your Esteem by his Services. I fancy, Madam, you now demand of me, where this strange Monster of Fidelity is to be found? Know then, that he lives within less than a Hundred Miles of *Red-Lyon-Square*; and that his Name is, (Oh! pardon the Insolence of this Discovery) his Name is

AMYNTAS.

72 *A Letter by another Hand.*

There is another Letter that accompanies this, and was written a Week ago ; which I had not Courage enough to lay at your Feet till now.

LOVE-

LOVE-LETTERS,

B Y

Mr. Thomas Otway.

To Madam —

My TYRANT!

I Endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest Complaint. I love you, I dote on you; Desire makes me mad, when I am near you; and Despair, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miseries, Love is to me the most intolerable; it haunts me in my Sleep, perplexes me when waking; every melancholly Thought makes my Fears more powerful; and every delightful one makes my Wishes more unruly. In all other Uneasie Chances of a Man's Life, there

there is an immediate Recourse to some kind of Succour or another: in Wants, we apply ourselves to our Friends; in Sickness, to Physicians: but Love, the Sum, the Total of all Mistrortunes, must be endur'd with Silence, no Friend so dear to trust with such a Secret, nor Remedy in Art so powerful, to remove its Anguish. Since the first Day I saw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one Hour of perfect Quiet: I lov'd you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching Face of yours, but I felt in my Heart the very Foundation of all my Peace give way: But when you became another, I must confess, that I did then rebel, had foolish Pride enough to promise myself, I would in time recover my Liberty: In spight of my enslav'd Nature, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a Resentment, stifled my Spirit, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upbraid you, each Day it was my chance to see or to be near you: With stubborn Sufferance I resolv'd to bear and brave your Power; nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with Wine or Conversation I diverted or appeas'd the *Demon* that possess'd

Mr. Thomas Otway. 75

self'd me ; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my Heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a Violence, it was then I always paid a treble Interest for the short Moments of Ease which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those Sluces of Tears that were to run till Morning. This has been for some Years my best Condition: Nay, Time itself, that decays all things else, has but encreas'd and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing except your Neglect of me, perswades me that you are so) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that tenderness of Spirit, that purity of Truth, and that sincerity of Heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest Friends or Interests I have on Earth, barely but to please you: If I had all the World, it should be yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourself for Justice,

Justice, if through the whole Actions of my Life I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your Authority was over me. Your Commands have been always sacred to me; your Smiles have always transported me, and your Frowns aw'd me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest Blessing, or the greatest Curse, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on you without Confusion; Wishes and Fears rise up in War within me, and work a curs'd Distraction through my Soul, that must, I am sure, in time have wretched Consequences: You only can, with that healing Cordial, Love, assuage and calm my Torments; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out Fortune from the Ballance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to your Heart, than the Unfortunate and (even at this time) Weeping

O T W A Y.

To

To Madam —

IN value of your Quiet, tho' it would be the utter ruine of my own, I have endeavour'd this Day to perswade myself never more to trouble you with a Passion that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than my self. I have laid all the Reasons my distracted Condition would let me have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my Pride, whether after a Rival's Possession I ought to ruine all my Peace for a Woman that another has been more blest in, tho' no Man ever loved as I did: But Love, victorious Love, o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he still looks forward from the present Hour, expecting still new Dawns, new rising Happiness, never looks back, never regards what is past, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce pursuit of Joy before him: I have

have consulted too my very self, and find how careless Nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent Inclinations and Desires, but omitted the Ornaments that should make those Qualities become me: I have consulted too my Lot of Fortune, and find how foolishly I wish possession of what is so precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet still I Love, still I dote on, and cheat myself, very content because the Folly pleases me. It is Pleasure to think how Fair you are, tho' at the same time worse than Damnation, to think how Cruel: Why should you tell me you have shut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like Reserve, and not so much Sincerity, as sure I may claim even from a little of your Friendship. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid defiance to that sweet Power? No, you know better to what end Heaven made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleasure, then to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart against. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no
power

Mr. Thomas Otway. 79

power with your haughty Nature ; yet
sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity
them, not shift me off with gross, thick,
home-spun Friendship, the common Coll
that passes betwixt Worldly Interests :
must that be my Lot ! Take it Ill-natur'd,
take it ; give it to him who would waste
his Fortune for you ; give it the Man
would fill your Lap with Gold ; court
you with Offers of vast rich Possessions ;
give it the Fool that has nothing but his
Mony to plead for him ; Love will have
a much nearer Relation, or none. I ask
for glorious Happiness ; you bid me
Welcome to your Friendship, it is like
seating me at your Side-table, when I
have the best Pretence to your Right-
hand at the Feast. I Love, I Doat, I
am Mad, and know no measure ; no-
thing but Extreame can give me ease ;
the kindest Love, or most provoking
Scorn : Yet even your Scorn would not
perform the Cure, it might indeed take
off the edge of Hope, but damn'd Despair
will gnaw my Heart for ever. If then I
am not odious to your Eyes, if you have
Charity enough to value the Well-being
of a Man that holds you dearer than you
can the Child your Bowels are most fond
of,

of, by that sweet Fledge of your first
softest Love, I charm and here conjure
you to pity the distracting Pangs of
mine; pity my unquiet Days and restless
Nights; pity the Frenzy that has half
possess'd my Brain already, and makes me
write to you thus ravingly: The Wretch
in *Bedlam* is more at Peace than I am!
And, if I must never possess the Heaven I
wish for, my next Desire is, (and the
sooner the better) a clean-swept Cell, a
merciful Keeper, and your Compassion
when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To Madam —

SINCE you are going to quit the World, I think myself obliged, as a Member of that World, to use the best of my Endeavours to divert you from so ill-natur'd an Inclination; therefore, by reason your Visits will take up so much of this Day, I have debarr'd myself the opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd against me: I must confess it may look a little extraordinary for one under my Circumstances to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never seen it: For Nature disposed me from my Creation to Love, and my ill Fortune has condemn'd me to Doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a Passion,
G had

had Nature disposed her from her Creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know you are the cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

O T W A Y.

To

To Madam —

COULD I see you without Passion, or be absent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than Health, or any Happiness here or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me; and though I have languish'd for seven long tedious Years of Desire, jealousy and despairing; yet, every Minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would not renounce, or enterprize for you? I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy Hour, can make the rest of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for you; and,

G 2

if

if I cannot have a Right in yours, I
wish it would ake till I could complain
to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

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To Madam —

YOU cannot but be sensible, that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous Tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrific'd to this Morning; for I am sure your own ill Nature could not be guilty of inventing such an Injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some Ass, that has the Fortune to please you: In short, I have made it the Bus'ness of my Life to do you Service, and please you, if possible, by any way to convince you of the unhappy Love I have for seven Years toil'd under; and your whole Bus'ness is to pick ill-natur'd Conjectures out of my harmless freedom of Conversation, to Vex and Gall me with, as often as you are pleas'd to Divert yourself at the Expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou Tormenter! Could I think it were Jealousie, how should I humble myself to

G 3 be

be justify'd ; but I cannot bear the thought of being made a Property either of another Man's good Fortune, or the Vanity of a Woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found sometime or other, to let you know your mistaking.

To

To Madam —

YOU were pleas'd to send me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further satisfaction in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not, and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish yourself to be eas'd of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you sometime to Morrow, and send me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching Sex; or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Woman-kind for ever.

Mr.—— to Mr. G——

Dear G——,

AS I hope to be fav'd, and that's a bold word in a Morning, when our Consciences, like Children, are always most uneasy; when the Light of Nature flashes upon us with the Light of the Day, and makes way for the calm return of Thought, that Eternal Foe to Quiet; but, I thank my Stars, I have shook that Snake out of my Bosom, and made Peace with that Domestick Enemy *Conscience*, and so much the more dangerous by being so——

——But, as I was going to say, your Letter has put new Life into me, and reviv'd me from the Damp, that Solitude and bad Company has flung me into; 'tis as hard to find a Man of Sense here, as a handsom Woman: A Company of Country 'Squires round a Table, is like a Company of Waiters round a dead Corps, they

A Letter by another Hand. 89

they are always ridiculously Sober and Grave, or, which is worse, impertinently Loud : Wine, that makes the gay Man of the Town brisk and sprightly, only serves to pluck off their Vail of Bashfulness, a Mask that Fools ought always to wear ; and which, once off, makes 'em as nauseous, as a bare-faced Lady of the Pit ; they are as particular in their Stories, as a Lawyer in his Evidence, and husband their Tales, as well as they do their Moneys : In short, as *Madam Olivia* says, They are my Aversion of all Aversions.

You may easily imagine, I have too much of the Men, but on my word, I have too little of the Women : Full of Youth, Vigour and Health I lye fallow, and, like the Vestal Virgins, am damn'd to Coldness and Chastity in the midst of Flames. God knows what hard shifts I use, my Right-hand often does, what (like Acts of Charity) I'm asham'd my Left-hand shou'd know. As much as I despise the Conversation of these Fops, I court it out of an apprehension of being alone, not daring to trust myself to so dangerous a Companion as myself. 'Tis in these cool
Inter-

90 *A Letter by another Hand.*

Intervals of Solitude, that we conspire Cuckoldom against our Friend, Treason against the State, &c. for the Devil of Lust and Ambition, like other Evil Spirits, only appears to us when we are alone.

The Talking of the Devil, puts me in mind of the Parsons: I had the Benefit of the Clergy this Week; I mean the Company of two honest unbigotted Parsons; I drank a Bowl to the *Manes* of our immortal Friend, one that was as witty as Necessity, and discover'd more Truths, than ever Time did: One that was born to Unchain the World, that struggl'd with Mysteries as *Hercules* did with Monsters, and, like him, too fell by a Distaff.

After so mournful a Subject, I'gad I'll make you Laugh— The Duce take me, if I did not, last Week, assist at the Ceremony of making a Christian; nay, more Sir, I was, *Honos sit Auribus*, a Godfather, who am your

Affectionate Friend,
and Servant, &c.
Monf.

Monf. *BOILEAU*'s
LETTERS,

TRANSLATED

By *THO. CHEEK*, Esq;

*To the Duke de Vivone, upon his
 Entrance into the Haven of Mes-
 sina.*

My LORD,

K Now you not, that one of the surest ways, to hinder a Man from being pleasant, is, to bid him be so: Since you forbid me being serious, I never found myself so grave, and I speak nothing now but Sentences. And, besides, your last Action has something in it so great, that truly it would go against my

92 *Monf. Boileau's Letters.*

my Conscience to write to you of it otherwise, than in the Heroick Style: However, I cannot resolve, not to obey you, in all, that you command me; so that in the Humour that I find myself, I am equally afraid to tire you with a serious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill Piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has assisted me this Morning, and in the time that I thought the least of it, made me find upon my Pillow, two Letters, which, for want of mine, may perhaps give you an agreeable amusement: They are dated from the *Elysian* Fields; the one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your last Fight, write to you from the other World, to congratulate you. This is that from *Balzac*; you will easily know it to be his by his Style, which cannot express things simply, nor descend from its height.

From

*From the Elyfian Fields , June
the 22d.*

My LORD,

‘ **T**He Report of your Actions, re-
‘ vives the Dead ; it wakens
‘ those, who have slept these thirty Years,
‘ and were condemn’d to an eternal Sleep;
‘ it makes Silence itself speak : The
‘ Brave ! The Splendid ! The Glorious
‘ Conquest that you have made over the
‘ Enemies of *France* ! You have restored
‘ Bread to a City, which has been accu-
‘ stom’d to furnish it to all others : You
‘ have nourish’d the nursing Mother of
‘ *Italy* ; the Thunder of that Fleet, which
‘ shut you up the Avenues of its Port, has
‘ done no more than barely saluted your
‘ Entrance ; its Resistance has detained
‘ you no longer, than an over civil Recep-
‘ tion : So far from hindring the Rapid-
‘ ty of your Course, it has not interrupted
‘ the Order of your March ; you have
‘ constrain’d, in their Sight, the South, and
‘ North Winds to obey you, without cha-
‘ stizing

94 *Monf. Boileau's Letters.*

'ftizing the Sea, as *Zerxes* did; you have
 'taught it Difcipline; you have done yet
 'more, you have made the *Spaniard*
 'humble. After that, what may not one
 'fay of you? No, Nature, I fay, Nature,
 'when ſhe was young, and in the time
 'that ſhe produc'd *Alexanders* and *Ca-*
 '*sars*, has produc'd nothing ſo great, as un-
 'der the Reign of *Louis XIV.* ſhe has gi-
 'ven to the *French*, in her declenſion, that
 'which *Rome* could not obtain from her
 'in her greateſt Maturity. She has made
 'appear to the World, in your Age, both
 'in Body and Soul, that perfect Valour
 'which we have ſcarce ſeen the Idea of
 'in Romances and Heroick Poems. Beg-
 'ging the Pardon of one of your Poets—
 'he had no reaſon to fay, That beyond
 '*Cocitus* Merit, is no more known:
 'Yours, my LORD, is extoll'd here, by the
 'common Voice, on both ſides of *Styx*. It
 'makes a continual remembrance of you,
 'even in the Abodes of Forgetfulneſs: It
 'finds zealous Partizans in the Country
 'of Indifference. It puts *Acheron* into the
 'Interests of the *Seine*. Nay more, There
 'is no ſhade amongſt us, ſo prepoſſeſt
 'with the Principles of the *Porticus*, ſo
 'hardned in the School of *Zeno*, ſo fortified
 'againſt

Monf. Boileau's Letters. 95

‘ against Joy and Grief, that does not hear
‘ your Praises with pleasure, that does
‘ not clap his Hands, and cry, *A Miracle!*
‘ at the Moment you are named, and is
‘ not ready to say with your *Malherb,*

*Ala fin, c'est trop de silence,
En si beau sujet, de parler.*

‘ As for me, my LORD, who know you
‘ a great deal better, I do nothing but
‘ meditate on you in my Repose; I fill
‘ my Thoughts intirely with your Idea,
‘ in the long Hours of our leisure; I cry
‘ continually, *How great a Man is this!*
‘ And if I wish to live again, 'tis not so
‘ much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy
‘ the Sovereign Felicity of your Conver-
‘ sation, and to tell you Face to Face,
‘ with how much respect, I am from the
‘ whole extent of my Soul,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

I

I Know not, my LORD, whither these violent Exaggerations will please you; and whither you will not find, that the Style of *Balzac* is a little corrupted in the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he never lavish'd his Hyperboles more to the purpose; 'tis for you to judge of it: But first read, (if you please) the Letter from *Voiture*.

From

*From the Elyſian Fields, June
the 22d.*

My LORD,

‘**T**Ho’ we poor Devils, who are
‘dead, do not concern ourſelves
‘much in the Affairs of the Living, and
‘are not exceedingly inclin’d to Mirth:
‘Yet I cannot forbear rejoycing at the
‘Great Things you do over our Heads.
‘Seriously, your laſt Fight makes the De-
‘vil and all of a Noiſe here below; it has
‘made itſelf heard in a place, where the
‘very Thunder of Heav’n is not heard;
‘and has made your Glory known in a
‘Country where even the Sun is not
‘known. There are a great many *Spa-*
‘*niards* come hither, who were in the
‘Action, and have inform’d us of the Par-
‘ticulars. I ſee no reaſon why the People
‘of that Nation ſhou’d paſs for Bullies;
‘for I can aſſure you they are very civil
‘Perſons, and the King ſent ’em hither
‘t’other Day very mild and quiet. To tell
‘you the truth, my LORD, you have ma-
H ‘nag’d

98 *Monsr. Boileau's Letters.*

'nag'd your Affairs very well of late. To
 'see with what speed you fly o're the
 ' *Mediterranean-Sea*, wou'd make one
 ' think you absolutely Master of it: There
 ' is not at present, in all its extent, one
 ' single Privateer in safety, and, if you go
 ' on at this rate, I can't see how you'd
 ' have *Tunis* and *Algiers* subsist. We have
 ' here the *Cæsars*, the *Pompeys*, and the *A-*
 ' *lexanders*; they all agree, That you ex-
 ' actly follow their Conduct in your way
 ' of fighting: But *Cæsar* believes you to
 ' be superlatively *Cæsar*. There are none
 ' here, ev'n to the *Alaricks*, the *Gense-*
 ' *ricks*, the *Theodoricks*, and all the other
 ' Conquerors in icks, who don't speak ve-
 ' ry well of this Action; and in Hell it
 ' self (I know not whether you are ac-
 ' quainted with that Place) there is no
 ' Devil, my LORD, who does not con-
 ' fess ingenuously, That at the Head of
 ' an Army you are a greater Devil, than
 ' himself: This is a Truth that your ve-
 ' ry Enemies agree in. But to see the good
 ' that you have done at *Messina*, for my
 ' part, I believe you are more like an An-
 ' gel, than a Devil, only Angels have a
 ' more airy shape, and do not carry
 ' their Arms in a Scarf. Railery apart,
 ' Hell

Mons. Boileau's Letters. 99

'Hell is extreamly byas'd in your Fa-
'vour. There is but one thing to be ob-
'jected to your Conduct, and that is.
'the little care, that you sometimes take
'of your Life. You are so well belov'd in
'this Country, that they don't desire
'your Company. Believe me, my LORD,
'I have already said it in the other
'World, a Demi-God, is but a *very little*
'thing, when he is dead; he's nothing like
'what he was, when he was alive. And
'as for me, who know already, by expe-
'rience what it is *to be no more*, I set the
'best Face on the Matter I can; but to
'hide nothing from you, I die with Im-
'patience to return to the World; were
'it only to have the Pleasure to see you
'there; in pursuance of this intended
'Voyage, I have already sent several
'times to find out the scatter'd Parts of
'my Body to set 'em together, but I cou'd
'never recover my Heart, which I left at
'parting with those seven Mistresses, that
'I serv'd, as you know so faithfully, the
'whole seven at once. As for my Wit,
'unless you have it, I'm told, 'tis not to
'be found in the World. To tell you
'the truth, I shrewdly suspect, that you
'have at least the Gaiety of it: For I have

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'been

100 *Monf. Boileau's Letters.*

‘been told here four or five Sayings of
 ‘your Turn of Expression, which I wish,
 ‘with all my Heart, I had said, and for
 ‘which I would willingly give the Pane-
 ‘gyrick of *Pliny*, and two of my best
 ‘Letters. Supposing then, that you have
 ‘it, I beg you to send it me back as soon
 ‘as possibly you can; for indeed you
 ‘can’t imagine how inconvenient it is,
 ‘not to have all one’s Wit about one,
 ‘especially when one Writes to such a
 ‘Man as you are; this is the Cause that
 ‘my Style, at present, is so alter’d: Were
 ‘it not for that, you shou’d see me mer-
 ‘ry again, as formerly, with my Com-
 ‘rade *le Brochet*. And I should not be
 ‘reduc’d to the necessity of ending my
 ‘Letter trivally, as I do in telling you,
 ‘that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

These

THese are the two Letters, just as I receiv'd 'em: I send 'em you writ in my own Hand, because you wou'd have had too much trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had sent 'em you in the Original. Do not fancy, my LORD, that this is only a trial of Wit, and an imitation of the Style of these two Writers. You know very well, that *Balzac* and *Voiture* are inimitable. However, were it true, that I had recourse to this Invention to divert you, shou'd I be so much in the wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be esteem'd, for having found out this way to make you read the Praises, which you wou'd never have suffer'd otherways? In a word, cou'd I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Respect I am,

My LORD,

Tours, &c.

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A

A
LETTER

Writ by

Mr. *DENNIS*,

Sent with the following

SPEECH.

SIR,

I Have here sent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the last Post, and I think myself oblig'd to give you some account of it. In the late Appendix to the new *Observer*, I find the Author reasonably complaining of the corruption of History by the *French*, and giving

Mr. Dennis's Letter. 103

ving a reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Monsieur *Pelisson's* History of the present King of *France* is like to be, which is now writing by that King's own order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History as Monsieur *Pelisson*: And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a *Panegyrick* of his Prince, a Pattern of what his part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small *Panegyrick*, we have all the reason in the World to believe, That he will flatter him too in his History. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by Exaggerations, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an Orator; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the truth. Such are those two remarkable Passages of the *French* King's offering Peace to the late Confederacy, for the general good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a *Frenchman*, who has common Sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*,

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only

104 *Mr. Dennis's Letter.*

only to be reveng'd of its Insolency and of its Perfidiousness, which every Man, who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd, that Monsieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his History, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his *Panegyrick*; What are we to expect from Monsieur *Pelisson*, whose sincerity is by no means so much talk'd of as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my mind to make two Reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The first is this, That since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is, in the main, a Man of Sincerity, and a lover of Truth, could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth* when he commended him; we may conclude, that it is impossible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints, what other Man must not daub? The second Reflection is this, That since this *Panegyrick* is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable genius of the Author, which shines throughout it; and an Art to which nothing can be added, (remember that I speak of the Original) and beyond which nothing can be

Mr. Dennis's Letter. 105

be desir'd; you may easily conclude how
extreamly fulsom the rest of the *Panegy-
ricks* upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* must
needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely
short of *Boileau's*, either *Geniüs*, or *Art*,
or *Vertue*.

T H E

THE
SPEECH
OF
Monsieur BOILEAU,
Upon his Admission into the
French Academy.

Translated by Mr. DENNIS.

GENTLEMEN,
THe Honour this Day confer'd upon
me, is something so great, so ex-
traordinary, so little expected ; and so
many several sorts of reasons ought to
have for ever excluded me from it, that at
this very Moment, in which I return my
Acknow-

Monf. Boileau's Speech. 107

Acknowledgments, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then possible, can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illustrious Society, whose famous Establishment does no less honour to the memory of Cardinal *Richlieu*, than all the rest of the numerous Wonders of his matchless Ministry? And what must be the thoughts of that great Man? What must be the thoughts of that wise Chancellor, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your Protectorship; and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your King had right to be your Protector? What must be their thoughts, Gentlemen, if they should behold me this day, becoming a Part of this Glorious Body, the Object of their eternal care and esteem; and into which by the Laws which they have establish'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed in the Place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a Man who is equally renown'd for his great Employments,

* *Monsieur de
Befons.*

and

108 *Monf. Boileau's Speech.*

and his profound Capacity ? Is it not a Magistrate who fill'd one of the formost Seats in the Council ; and who, in so many important Occasions, has been Honoured by his Prince, with his strictest Confidence : A Magistrate, no less wise than Experienc'd, watchful, laborious ; with whom the more I compare myself, the less Proportion I find.

I know very well, Gentlemen, (and who can be ignorant of it,) that in the choice which you make of Men who are proper to supply the Vacancies of your learned Assembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity : That Politeness, Learning, and an Acquaintance with all the more gentle Arts, have always usher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to substitute in the room of the highest Magistrate, of the most exalted Minister, some famous Poet, or some Writer, whom his Works have rendred Illustrious, and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Desert has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if you barely consider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you that may
be

be worthy of the favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, successful rather by a happy temerity and a dexterous imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its thoughts, or the richness of its expressions? Is it a Translation that falls so far short of the great Masterpieces with which you every day supply us; and in the which you so gloriously revive *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd Heroes of the most learn'd Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the just value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon so slight a foundation, an Honour which the knowledge of my want of Merit, has discourag'd me still from demanding.

• What can be the reason then, which in my behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this occasion? I begin to make some discovery of it, and I dare engage that I shall not make you blush in exposing it. The goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shewn in employing me, together with one of the first of your
illu-

110 *Monsr. Boileau's Speech.*

illustrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the Permission which he has given me to do this, has supply'd all my Defects with you.

Yes, Gentlemen, whatever just Reasons ought to have excluded me ever from your Academy, you believed that you could not with Justice suffer that a Man who is destin'd to speak of such Mighty Things, should be depriv'd of the Utility of your Lessons, or instructed in any other School than in yours. And, by this, you have clearly shewn, that when it is to serve your August Protector, whatever Consideration might otherwise restrain you, your Zeal will not suffer you to cast your eyes upon any thing but the Interest of your Master's Glory.

Yet suffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that favour to me, believ'd that he should meet within me a Writer, who was able to sustain in the least, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expression, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No, Gentlemen,
it

Monf. Boileau's Speech. III

it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to shew the World such Master-pieces; and he never conceiv'd so advantageous a thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his Reign is Wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiss, that in the midst of so many renown'd Writers, who with emulation describe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the sublimest Eloquence, a Man without Artifice, and accus'd rather of too much Sincerity than of Flattery, should contribute by his Labour and by his Advice, to set to shew in a proper light, and in all the simplicity of the most natural Style, the Truth of those Actions, which being of themselves so little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be strongly exaggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets and Orators, and Historians, who are sometimes as daring as Poets or Orators, shall come to display upon so happy a Subject, all the bold strokes of their Art, all their force of Expression; when they shall say of *Lewis* the Great, more justly than was said of a famous Captain of old,
that

112 *Monsr. Boileau's Speech.*

that he alone has atchiev'd more Exploits than other Princes have read ; that he alone has taken more Towns, than other Monarchs have wish'd to take : When they shall assure us, that there is no Potentate upon the face of the Earth, no not the most Ambitious, who in the secret Prayers that he puts up to Heaven, dares presume to Petition for so much Glory, for so much Prosperity as Heaven has freely granted this Prince : When they shall write, that his Conduct is Mistress of Events ; that Fortune dares not contradict his Designs : When they shall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with Gigantick Strides, over great Rivers and the highest Mountains ; thundring down Ramparts, rending hard Rocks, and tearing into ten thousand pieces every thing that resists his impetuous Shock : These Expressions will doubtless appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject ; but at the sametime that the World shall wonder at them, it will not think itself oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be easily disown'd or mistaken, under the disguise of its pompous Ornaments.

But,

But, when Writers without artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has pass'd in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Discipline, Law: when they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland, Germany, Spain*, all *Europe* too feeble against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in prosperity, and a more glorious Peace: When Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, disposed in their order of time, and attended with their real circumstances; who is it that can then dissent from them, I do not say of our Neighbours, I do not say of Allies; I say of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they shou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the
I truth

114 *Monsr. Boileau's Speech.*

truth of them, will not their diminish'd Forces, their States confin'd within stricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealousies, their Furies, their very Invektives, in spite of themselves, convince them? Can they deny that in that very Year, of which I am speaking, this Prince being resolv'd to constrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of *Christendom*, did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publish'd, that he was intirely exhausted of Men and Money: that he did then, I say, all at once, in the *Low-Countries*, cause to start up as 'twere out of the ground two mighty Armies, each of them consisting of Forty Thousand Men; and that he provided for them abundant Subsistence there, notwithstanding the scarcity of Forrage, and the excessive drought of the Season? Can they deny, that whilst with one of these Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to besiege *Luxemburgh*, himself with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*: That he did, by this most admirable Conduct, or, rather, by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head so renown'd in the
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Monsr. Boileau's Speech. 115

ancient Fables, whose Aspect transform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the *Spaniards* unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important Place, in the which they had repos'd their utmost Refuge? That by a no less admirable effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against him, found himself, if I may use the Expression, disabled and impotent, tyed up on every side, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of dispersing Libels; of sending forth Cries and Reproaches: Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they they deny all this? Must not they confess, That at the time when these Wonders were executing in the *Low-Countries*, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the Just Chastisement of its Insolence and of its Perfidiousness; burying under the Ruines of Palaces and stately Houses that proud City, more easie to be destroy'd than be humbled? No, without doubt, our Ene-

116 *Monf. Boileau's Speech.*

mies dare not give the Lie to fuch known Truths, eſpecially when they ſhall ſee them writ with that ſimple and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which, whate'er my Defects are, I do not abſolutely deſpair to be able at leaſt in part to ſupply the Hiſtory.

But ſince this very Simplicity, all Enemy, as it is to Oſtentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and thoſe Beauties, than from the ſource of all Delicacies, this ſam'd Academy, which has kept poſſeſſion, for ſo many Years, of all the Treasures, of all the Riches, of our Tongue? Theſe, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; this is what I come to ſtudy with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my aſſiduity in frequenting you, by my addreſs in bringing you to ſpeak of theſe Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your moſt ſecret Skill from me: Your Skill to render Nature decent and chaſte at the very time when ſhe is moſt alluring; and to make the Colours and
Paint

Monsr. Boileau's Speech. 117

Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my Respects and by my sincere Submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Acknowledgment, which I shall make all my Life-time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

Letters of Courtship

T O A

Woman of Quality.

IF it be a Crime in me, *Madam*, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the occasion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis myself only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my Power to have forbore writing, but I am satisfy'd I cou'd never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have *disclosed the secret*; and to what purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will discover itself by its own Light*? In my mind there's more Confession in disorder'd Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful Expressions the Tongue can utter; I have been struggling with myself this three Months to discover a thing which

I

I now must do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am sure if you'll be just to yourself, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the reality of this Discovery, for 'tis impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess, no body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores*. And therefore, since 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's, I shou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not; I am not, *Madam*, so vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter shou'd ever perswade you to retain the least kind regard, in recompence of the pain I suffer; I only beg leave and liberty to complain: They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to show their Wounds; and the more gallant the Conquerour, *the more generous is his Compassion*. I ventur'd last Night to falter out my Misfortune, 'twas almost dark, and I attempted it with greater boldness, nay, you yourself (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take notice of my disorder; your Sentences were short and reproving; your Answers cold; and your Manner (contrary to your usual and pe-

120 *Letters of Courtship*

culiar sweetness) was *severe* and *forbidding*, yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to,

M A D A M,

*Your most lost and
unfortunate humble Servant.*

By

By the same Hand.

YOU need not have laid an Obligation on me of writing, who am so inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters; 'tis the most agreeable thing I can do, and cou'd wish you thought it so too; but when I reflect upon the harshness of my Expressions, I must needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own satisfaction in writing, than to your patience in reading; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to receive more frequent Letters from you, which would instruct me to do it; and I shou'd think it the greatest perfection of my Pen to imitate even the *faults* of yours (if there were any.) I have the satisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that, though her Judgment be nice and discerning, her Interpretation is *easy* and *candid*; **O**NE that has not only the *brightness of Heaven* to make me adore her, but also the *goodness* of it to forgive my offences; else I shou'd despair of Pardon for this too long Letter. I

I confess, if I were to make a recital of your Divine Qualities, an Age would be too small a time to be employed in the Work: I shou'd endeavour to paint your gay airy Temper, and yet shadow it with all the Modesty and cautious Reserv'dness; you have an Humour so very *taking*, that, as it fires the *serious*, and *dull*, so it checks, and restrains the too *forward*; and as your Charms give *encouragement*, so your wakeful Conduct creates *despair*. If the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilst I do Justice to your *Vertues*, I offend your *Modesty*; and every Offence against you, *Madam*, must be avoided as much as possible by him, all whose Happiness depends on pleasing you, as does that of,

M A D A M,

Your humble Servant.

By

By the same Hand.

AS I cannot reflect upon the *melancholy Appearance* of things on *Sunday* and *Munday* last, without an Affliction inexpressible, so I cannot think on the happy Change without the most grateful Pleasure. Heavens! how my Heart sunk, when I found the tenderest part of my Soul seiz'd with an Indisposition, her Colour faded, the usual Gaiety of her Temper eclipsed, her Tongue faltering, her Ayr languishing, and the charming Lustre of her Eyes setting and decay'd! Instead of kind Expressions full of *Love* and *Endearments*, I could hear nothing but *Complaints*, and the melancholy Effects of a *growing Illness*. 'Tis true, (my dearest Life) tho' you are as beautiful as *Light*, tho' sweet and tender as a *Flower in Spring*, tho' gay and cheerful as *dawning Youth*, yet all these Perfections, that *captivate others*, cannot secure you against the *Tyranny of Distempers*; Sickneß has no regard to your *Innocence*, but the same
rue-

124 *Letters of Courtship*

ruffling Tempest that tears up the *common Weeds*, blasts also the *fragrant blushing Rose*: But now, to the Eternal Peace of my satisfied Mind, the Feaverish Heat is extinguish'd, and your Charms recover their usual heavenly Brightness; I am the *Unhappy Wretch* that feels their force, and consumes of a Feaver *never* to be extinguish'd, but with the Life of,

M A D A M,

Tours, &c.

By

By the same Hand.

THIS Morning I discover'd the *happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Design be real, *Love* is never free from *Fears*; and my prefacing Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Idea's from me: The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and Feaverish Souls find in the midst of their Agonies, was my Lot all Night long: I could not, durst not slumber; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual Charm.

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Charming Gayety, I shall be the most
blest'd of Mortals: But if pale Sick-
ness sit upon your Lips, Heavens grant
it may also freeze the Blood of

Yours.

By

By the same Hand.

IF *Distraction* be an Argument of *Love*, I need no other to convince you of my *Passion*: All my past Actions have discover'd it, since I had the honour to know you; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday*-night: My Reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can express, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from *Excess of Love*. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much *Judgment* as yourself; but you, my *dearest Creature*, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a *Love-sick Wretch*, with the same *Candour* and *Mildness* that Heaven does upon you; and let all my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but *Compassion*, and all the *gentle Actions of softest Love*. Whil'st I am preaching up Pity,

128 *Letters of Courtship*

I must remember to practise it myself, and not to persecute you with more Words; than to tell you, that I love you to Death, and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as *miserable* as now I think myself *happy*. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude.

Yours.

By

By the same Hand.

I Am troubl'd, at the Soul, to find my *Dearest Life* express herself with so much Concern: I am sure, till *Death* makes me *cold*, I shall *never* be so to one whose I *entirely* am, not so much by *Vows* as by the *sincerest Passion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind Dear*, *engaging Creature*, sooner than utter *one Sigh* which is not for You, I would chuse to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loath'd Being*. Your Person is *too charming*, your Manner *too winning*, your Principles *too honourable*, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have *once* made entirely your own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the Breast of

Yours.

K

By

By the same Hand.

TO express the grateful sense of the Obligation I have to you, cannot be effectually done, unless I had your Pen. If you observe my Style, you will have reason to conclude, I have not received your ingenious Letter of Yesterday, which shou'd have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by; I assure you I am as well satisfy'd of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is clear, like your Actions; and that Spirit that glows in your Eyes, shines in your Lines. I may venture to say, that Writing is not the least of your Excellencies, and if any thing cou'd perswade me to stay longer than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it wou'd be in Expectation of a second Letter from you. 'Tis my greatest pleasure to hear you are well, and to have the happiness of possessing in Thought, what is deny'd to my Eyes;
desi-

to a Woman of Quality. 131

desiring the Continuance of them for no other end, than to gaze upon my dear Conquerers, who, after a most engaging manner, has the way of kindly killing

Her humble and eternally

obliged Servant.

K 2

By

By the same Hand.

I Hope, my dearest Life, will excuse this Impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write ; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was so extream, upon the reflection of my late Folly, that I cou'd not rest, till I had acknowledg'd my Rashness ; I hope she'll continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis you alone, Madam, that have sweet engaging Ways peculiar to yourself, you are easie without Levity ; Courteous and Affable without Flattery ; you have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding myself for making such barbarous
and

to a Woman of Quality. 133

and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a Just Abhorrence; I loath and detest myself, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe myself by any other Title, than,

MADAM,

Your Ungrateful.

K 3

A

*A Letter of Reproach to a Woman
of Quality.*

MADAM,

I Am sorry I must change my Style, and tell you I am now fully satisfied that your Ladiship never will be so; I always fear'd your Desires wou'd exceed your Returns: But when I heard you were supply'd by three Nations, I thought you might have been modestly contented. And I have even yet good nature enough to pity your unfortunate Condition, or rather Constitution, that obliges half the Town of necessity to decline all sorts of Commerce with you; I cou'd have wish'd you had had Reputation enough left for me to have justified, tho' you have cruelly robb'd me of the Joy of Loving, without making yourself any reasonable Advantage of it; had your Soul consulted my Destiny, I should have had fairer play for my Passion, and not have been thus sacrific'd to your most Egregious Follies; yet,
since

A Letter by another Hand. 135

since better late than never, take, Ma-
dam, this time, now the Town is dis-
banded, the Season moderate, and your
Ladiship's common Practice prorogued,
to consider if there be any way left you,
in some measure, to save the Confusion
of yourself, and that of,

M A D A M,

August the
10th, 95.

Your real humble Servant.

K 4

A

*A Letter of Business to a Merchant's
Wife in the City.*

MADAM,

I Can forgive you the Difficulty you made of passing an Ev'ning with me; nay, even the affected Indifference you entertain'd me with, when you might have imploy'd your time much better; I knew your Character, and guess'd what wou'd be the end of our first Meeting, but desire it may not be the beginning of the Second; for the future, prithee, dear Hypocrite, (do not forget yourself) and so often ingage me to Love tenderly, and yet conjure me to hope for no Return; but do me the Favour to make a better use of the next Opportunity, lest you carry on too far the unnatural Jest, and contrive to force yourself out of the Inclinations of,

Madam,

Your real humble Servant.

LET-

LETTERS,

By the late Celebrated

Mrs. Katherine Phillips.

*The Fam'd Orinda, to the Honour-
able Berenice.*

YOur Ladiship's last Favour from
Col. P——'s was truly obliging,
and carried so much of the same great
Soul of yours, which loves to diffuse it
self in Expressions of Friendship to me,
that it merits a great deal more Acknow-
ledgment than I am able to pay at my
best Condition, and am less now when
my Head akes, and will give me no leave
to enlarge, though I have so much Sub-
ject and Reason; but really if my Heart
ak'd too, I cou'd be sensible of a very
great Kindness and Condescension in
think-

138 *Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips.*

thinking me worthy of your Concern, tho' I visibly perceive most of my Letters have lost their way to your Ladiship. I beseech you be pleased, first, to believe I have written every Post; but, secondly, since I came, and then to enquire for them, that they may be commended into your hands, where alone they can hope for a favourable residence; I am very much a Sharer by Sympathy, in your Ladiship's satisfaction in the Converse you had in the Country, and find that to that ingenious Company Fortune had been just, there being no Person fitter to receive all the Admiration of Persons best capable to pay them, than the great *Berenice*: I hope your Ladiship will speak me a real Servant of Dr. *Wilkins*; and all that Converse with you, have enrich'd all this Summer with yours. I humbly thank your Ladiship for your Promise of Mr. *Boyle's* Book, which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Universal Applause, if my Vote be considerable in things so much above me. If it be possible, oblige me with the sight of one of them, which (if your Ladiship command it) shall be very faithfully return'd you. And now (Madam) why was that

Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips. 139

that a cruel Question, When will you come to *Wales*? 'Tis cruel to me, I confess, that it is yet in question; but I humbly beg your Ladiship to unriddle that part of your Letter, for I cannot understand why you, Madam, who have no Persons alive to whom your Birth hath submitted you, and have already by your Life secur'd to yourself the best Opinion the World can give you, should create an Awe upon your own Actions, from imaginary Inconveniencies: Happiness, I confess, is twofac'd, and one is Opinion; but that Opinion is certainly *our own*; for it were equally ridiculous and impossible to shape our *Actions* by others *Opinions*. I have had so much (and some sad) Reason to discuss this Principle, that I can speak with some Confidence, That *none will ever be happy, who make their Happiness to consist in, or be govern'd by the Votes of other Persons*. I deny not but the Approbation of wise and good Persons is a very necessary Satisfaction; but to forbear innocent Contentments, only because it's possible some Fancies may be so capricious as to dispute, whether I should have taken them, is, in my Belief, neither better nor worse than to fast always,

ways, because there are some so superstitious in the World, that will abstain from Meat, upon some Score or other, upon every day in the Year, that is, some upon some days, and others upon others, and some upon all. You know, Madam, there is nothing so various as *Vulgar Opinion*, nothing so untrue to itself: Who shall then please, since none can fix it? 'Tis a Heresie (this of submitting to every blast of popular extravagancy) which I have combated in Persons very dear to me: *Dear Madam*, let them not have your Authority for a relapse, when I had almost committed them; but consider it without a Byass, and give Sentence as you see cause; and in that interim put me not off (*Dear Madam*) with those Chymera's, but tell me plainly what inconvenience is it to come? If it be one in earnest, I will submit, but otherwise I am so much my own Friend, and my Friend's Friend, as not to be satisfied with your Ladiship's taking measure of your Actions by others Opinion, when I know too that the severest could find nothing in this Journey that they could condemn, but your excess of Charity to me, and that Censure you have already supported with Patience,

Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips. 141

ence, and (notwithstanding my own consciousness of no ways deserving your sufferance upon that score) I cannot beg you to recover the Reputation of your Judgment in that particular, since it must be my Ruine. I should now say very much for your most obliging Commands to me, to write, and should beg frequent Letters from your Ladiship with all possible importunity, and should by command from my *Lucasia* excuse her last Rudeness (as she calls it) in giving you account of her Honour for you under her own Hand, but I must beg your pardon now, and out-believing all, I can say upon every one of these accounts, for really, *Madam*, you cannot tell how to imagine any Person more to any one than I am,

June the 25th,
Priory of Cardigan.

Madam,
Your Ladiship's
most faithful Servant,
and passionate Friend,

O R I N D A.

Lucasia

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Lucasta is most faithfully your Servant:
I am very glad of Mr. Cowley's success,
and will concern myself so much as to
thank your Ladyship for your endeavour
in it.

To

To the Honourable Berenice.

Dear MADAM,

I Have been so long silent, that I profess I am now ashamed almost to beg your Pardon, and were not Confidence in your Ladiship's Goodness a greater respect than the best Address in the World, I should scarce believe myself capable of remission; but when your Ladiship shall know more fully than Papers can express, how much and how many ways I have suffered, you will rather wonder that I write at all, than that I have not written in a Week; when you shall hear that my Dear *Lucasia*, by a strange unfortunate Sickness of her Mother's, hath been kept from me, for three Weeks longer than I expected, and is not yet come: I have had some difficulty to live, and truly, *Madam*, so I have, and more difficulty to be silent to you, but that in earnest my disorder was too great to write: *Dear Madam*, pardon and pity me, and, to express

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press that you do both, be pleased to hasten hither, where I shall pour all my Trouble into your Bosom, and receive thence all that Consolation which I never in my Life more needed than I now do. You see, Madam, my Presumption, or rather Distraction to leap from Confessions into Petitions, and those for advantages so much above my merit : But what is that, that the dear Great *Berenice* can deny her faithful *Orinda*? And what is it that *Orinda* would not do or suffer, to obtain that sweet and desired Converse, she now begs of you? I am confident my *Lucasia* will suddenly be here to, thank you for your Charity which you will, by coming, express to me, and the Obligation you will put upon her by it ; both which shall be equally and constantly acknowledged (if you will please to hasten it) by

*Your faithfully
affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,*

O R I N D A.

To

Nov. 2.
1658.

To the Honourable Berenice.

I Must confess myself extreamly troubled, to miss a Letter from your Ladiship in a whole Fortnight, but I must beg you to believe your silence did not occasion mine; for my Ambition to converse with you, and advantage in being allow'd it, is too great for me to decline any opportunity which I can improve to obtain so much happiness: But really the Box of Gloves and Ribbons miss'd a conveniency of going, and a Letter that attended them partak'd in the same misfortune; by this time and some days before it I hope they have reach'd you, for they were sent away above a Week ago; and if so, all that I can tell you of my Desires to see your Ladiship will be repetition, for I had with as much earnestness as I was capable of, begg'd it then, and yet have so much of the Beggar in me, that I must redouble that Importunity now, and tell you, That I gasp for you with an Impatience that

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is not to be imagin'd by any Soul wound up to a less concern in Friendship than yours is, and therefore I cannot hope to make others sensible of my vast desires to enjoy you, but I can safely appeal to your own illustrious Heart, where I am sure of a Court of Equity to relieve me in all the Complaints and Supplications my Friendship can put up: Madam, I am assured you love me, and that being once granted, 'tis out of dispute, that your Love must have nobler circumstances than mine, but because the greatness and reality of it must be always disputed with you, by me there must of necessity remain the obligingness of your Love to weigh down the Ballance, and give you that advantage over me in friendship, which you unquestionably have in all things else, and if this reasoning be true, (as sure there are all Sciences in Friendship, and then Logick cannot be excluded) I have argued myself into handsom necessity of being eternally on the receiving hand, but let me qualifie that seeming meanness, by assuring you, that even that is the greatest testimony of my esteem for your Ladiship, that ever I can give; for I have a natural pride (that I cannot
much

much repent of) which makes me very unwilling to be obliged, and more curious from whom I receive kindneffes than where I confer them ; so that being contented to be perpetually in your Debt, is the greatest Confession I can make of the Empire you have over me, and really that Priviledge is the last which I can submit to part with all, to be just done in Acts of Friendship, and that I do not only yield you in all my Life past, but can beg to have it continued by your doing me the greatest favour that ever I receiv'd from you by restoring me my dear and honoured *Berenice* ; this , Madam, is but one Action , but, like the Summ of an Account , it contains the Value of all the rest, and will so oblige and refresh me, that I cannot express the satisfaction I shall receive in it ; I humbly thank your Ladiship for the assurance you have given me, that you suddenly intend it, and that you were pleased to be accountable to me for your stay till *Christmas*, which being now at hand, I hope you will have neither Reason, Importunity, nor Inclinations to retard the Happiness you intend me : Really, Madam, I shall and must expect it in these Holidays, and

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a disappointment to me is the greatest of Miseries; and then, Madam, I trust you will be convinc'd of this necessity there is of your Life and Health, since Heaven it self appears so much concern'd in it, as to restore it by a Miracle: And, truly, had you been still in danger, I should have look'd upon that as more ominous than the Blazing-star, so much discours'd of; but you are one of those extraordinary Blessings which are the Publick Concernments, and are, I trust, reserv'd to be yet many Years an Example of Honour and Ornament to Religion.

Oh, Madam, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not hasten to hear it, you will be almost as cruel as *Asfaxes*; but you will come, and, if you find any thing in this Letter that seems to question it, impute it to the continual distrust of my own Merit, which will not permit me easily to believe my self favoured: Dear Madam, if you think me too timorous, confute me by the welcome Experiment of your Company, which, really, I perpetually long for, and again beg, as you love me, and claim as you would have me be-

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believe it ; I am glad your Ladiship has pitch'd on a place so near me, you shall be sufficiently persecuted with *Orinda*. I know you will pardon me, for not acquainting you with the News you heard from other hands, when I tell you, there is nothing of it true, and the Town is now full of very different Discourse ; but I shall tell you more particularly, when I have the honour to see you ; and, till then, cannot with conveniency do it. I easily believe *Dons* factious ; but, in those Disputes, I think he discovers more Wit than Wisdom, and your Ladiship knows they are inseparable ; I shall lose the Post, if I do not now hasten to subscribe, what I am always ready to make good, that I am more than any one living,

Your Ladiship's most Faithful

Decemb. 30.
1658.

and most Passionate

Friend and Servant,

O R I N D A.

To the Honourable Berenice.

With the greatest Joy and Confusion in the World, I received, *Dear Madam*, your Ladiship's most obliging Letter from *Kew*, and thus far I am reconcil'd to my own Omissions, that they have produc'd a Shame which serves me now to allay a Transport, which had otherwise been excessive at the knowledge that I am to receive, that notwithstanding all my Failings, you can look upon me with so generous a Concern: I could make many Apologies for myself, and with truth tell you, That I have ventured Papers to kiss your Ladiship's Hand, since I receiv'd one from it, but really, *Madam*, I had rather owe my restitution wholly to your Bounty, than seem to have any pretence to it myself, and I will therefore allow myself utterly unworthy of having any room in your Thoughts, in that I have not perpetually begg'd it of you, with that Assiduity as is suitable to so great and so valu'd a Blessing; and I know that tho' a Sea have divi-

Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips. 151

divided our Persons, and many other Accidents made your Ladiship's Residence uncertain to me, yet I ought to have been restless in my Enquiries how to make my approaches to you; and all the Varieties and Wandrings and Troubles that I have undergone since I had the honour to see your Ladiship, ought not to have distracted me one moment from the payment of that Devotion to you, which, if you please, I will swear never to have been one jot lessen'd in my Heart, as ill and as seldom as I have express'd it; but now, that my good Fortune has brought me once more so near your Ladiship, I hope to redeem my Time, by so constant and fervent Addresses to you, as shall both witness how unalterably I have ever lov'd and honour'd you, and how extreamly glad I am still to be preserv'd in so noble and so priz'd a Heart as yours; and, that I may the sooner be secur'd of that and restor'd to your Converse, I must beg your Ladiship to find some occasion that may bring you to *London*, where I may cast myself at your Feet, both in repentance of my own *Faults*, and acknowledgment of your *Goodness*, and assure you that neither *Lucasia*, nor any other Person, ever had the Will, the

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Power,

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Power, or the Confidence to hinder the Justice of my most affectionate Service to your Ladiship, and though you fright me with telling me how much you have considered me of late, yet I will venture upon all the Severity that Reflection can produce ; and if it be as great as I may reasonably fear, yet I will submit to it for the Expiation of my Failings, and think myself sufficiently happy if after any Penance you will once more receive me into your Friendship, and allow me to be that same *Orinda*, whom with so much goodness you were once pleased to own as most faithfully yours, and who have ever been, and ever will be so ; and, Dear dear Madam,

Your Ladiship's
most affectionate
humble Servant and Friend,

K. Phillips.

This was wrote but a Month before *Orinda* died.

To

To Mr. Herbert.

I Receiv'd your two Letters against *Hypocrisie* and *Love*, but I must tell you, they have made me no Convert from, *Women*, and their Favourite ; for who like *Simonides*, wou'd give nine scandalous Origins to *Womankind*, for one good one, meerly because the Follies and Vices of that Sex deserve it, and yet hope ever to make your account of them? or who, with *Petronius Arbiter*, would tell the Lawyers,

*Quid faciunt Leges ubi sola pecunia regnat ?
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest,
Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora cena,
Nonnunquam Nummis vendere verba solent,
Ergo judicium, nihil est nisi publica Merces
Atq; eques in causa qui sedet empti probat.*

Thus English'd by Mr. Barnaby.

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the
Power ;
The Cause is bad when e'er the Client's Poor :
Those

154 *A Letter by another Hand.*

*Those strict-liv'd Men that seem above our
World,*

Are oft too modest to resist our Gold.

*So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold,
And the Grave Knight that nods upon the
Laws,*

*Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the
Cause.*

That the Bar is but a Market for the Sale
of Right, and that the Judge sits there
only to confirm what the Bribe had se-
cur'd before, and yet hope ever to escape
when you come into their Hands? Or
what Man that has his Interest before his
Eyes wou'd tell this dangerous Truth,
That Priests of all Religions are the same?

No, no, Plain-dealing must be left to
Manly, and confin'd to the Theatre, and
permit *Hypocrisie* and *Nonsense* to prevail
with those pretty Amusements, Women,
that like their own Pleasure too well, to be
fond of Sincerity. You declaim against
Love on the usual Topicks, and have
scarce any thing new to be answer'd by
me, their profess'd Advocate, if by Re-
pentance you mean the Pain that accom-
panies Love; all other Pleasures are mixt
with

A Letter by another Hand. 155

with that, as well as Love, as Cicero observes in his second Book *de Oratore*, *Omnibus rebus, voluptatibus maximis fastidium finitimum est*: In all things where the greatest Pleasures are found, there borders a satiety and uneasy pain: And Catullus, *Non est dea nescia nostri, quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem*: Nor am I unknown to that bright Goddess, who with my Cares mingles a sweet pleasing Bitter. But I take this pain in Love to proceed from the imperfection of our Union with the Object beloved, for the Mind forms a thousand entrancing Idea's, but the Body is not capable of coming up to that satisfaction the Mind proposes; but this Pain is in all other Pleasures that we have, none of which afford that fulness of Pleasure, as Love, which bears some proportion to the vehemence of our Desires: Speak therefore no more against Love, as you hope to die in the Arms of *Sylvia*, or not perish wretchedly in the Death of a Pumpkin. I am

Your Friend, &c.

LET-

LETTERS

B Y

Mr. Tho. Brown.

To C. G. Esq; in Covent-Garden.

MAY I be forced to turned News-monger for a wretched Subsistence, and beat up fifty Coffee-houses every Morning, to gather Scraps of Intelligence, and fatherless Scandal; or, (to Curse my self more emphatically) may I live the restless Life of some gay younger Brother's starving Footman of the *Temple*, who, between his Master's Debts and Fornication, visits once a Day half the Shopkeepers in *Fleet-street*, and half the Whores in *Drury-lane*, if I am
not

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not as utterly weary of hunting after you any longer, as ever Statesman was of serving the Publick, when the Publick forgot to bribe his private Interest. Shou'd I but set down how many tiresome Leagues I have travell'd, how often I have shot all the City-gates, cross'd *Lincolns-inn Fields*, pass'd the two Tropicks of the *Old* and *New Exchange*, and doubled the *Cape of Covent-garden Church* to see you, I shou'd grow more voluminous than *Coryat*, and you'd fancy yourself, without doubt, engaged in *Purchase's* or *Hackluyt's* Itineraries. As you are a Person of half Business and half Pleasure, (which the Wise say, is the best Composition in the World) I have consider'd you in your two Capacities, and order'd my Visits accordingly. Sometimes I call'd upon you betimes in a Morning, when nothing was to be met in the Streets, but grave Tradesmen, stalking in their Slippers to the next Coffee-house; Midnight-drunkards, reeling home from the *Rose*; industrious Harlots, who had been earning a Penny over Night, tripping it on foot to their Lodgings; Ragmen, picking up Materials for *Grubstreets*; in short, nothing but

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but Bailiffs, Chimney-sweepers, Cinderwomen, and other People of the same early Occupations, and yet, as my ill Stars contriv'd it, you were still gone out before me. At other times I have call'd at Four in Afternoon, the Sober Hour, when other discreet Gentlemen were but newly up, and dressing to go to the Play; but to as little purpose as in the Morning. Then, towards the Evening, I have a hundred times examin'd the Pit and Boxes, the Chocolate-houses, the Taverns, and all places of publick resort, except a Church, (and there, I confess, I cou'd no more expect to meet you, than a right *Beau* of the last *Paris* Edition in the *Bear-garden*) but still I failed of you every where, tho' sometimes you 'scaped me as narrowly as a Quibble does some merry Statesmen I cou'd name to you. Is it not strange, thought I to my self, that every paltry Astrologer about the Town, by the help of a foolish Telescope, shou'd be able to have the Seven Planets at a Minute's warning, nay, and their very Attendants, their *Satellites* too, tho' some of them are so many hundred thousand Miles distant from us, to know precisely when they go to Bed, and what Rambles

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bles they take, and yet that I with all my pains and application shou'd never take you in any of your *Orbits*, who are so considerably nearer to me? But, for my part, I believe a Man may sooner find out a true Key to the *Revelations*, than discover your By-haunts, and solve every Problem in *Euclid* much easier than yourself. With all Reverence be it said, Your Ways are as hard to be traced as those of Heaven; and the Dean of P——, who in his late History of Providence has explain'd all the several *Phænomena's* of it, but his own Conversions, is the fittest Person I know of in the World to account for your Eclipses. Some of your and my good Friends, (whom I need not mention to you) have cross'd the *German* Ocean, made the *Tour* of the *Low-Countries*, seen the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Vaudemont*, and might, if they pleas'd, have got drunk with a dozen of *German* Princes, in half the time. I have been beating the Hoof up and down *London*, to find out you; — so that at last, after a World of mortifying Disappointments, taking a *Martial* in my hands, I happen'd to light upon an Epigram of his, address'd to *Decianus*, a very honest

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honest Gentleman it seems, but one that
was as hard to be met with as yourself:
And this Epigram, suiting my own case
exactly, I here send you a Paraphrase or
Imitation of it, call it which you please.

Ne valeam, si non totis Deciane Diebus.

Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

*In some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot.
To some worse Silt in Church-Indentures
bound,*

*Than ancient Job, or modern Sh— found,
And with more Aches visited, and Ills,
Than fill up Salmon's Works or Tilburgh's
Bills:*

*If 'tis not still the Burden of my Prayer,
The Day with you, with you the Night to
share.*

*But, Sir, (and the Complaint, you know, is
true)*

*Two damn'd long Miles there lye 'twixt me
and you:*

*And these two Miles, with little Calcula-
tion,*

*Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habita-
tion.*

Tou

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*You near Sage Will's, the Land of Mirth
and Claret,
I live, stow'd up in a White-chappel Gar-
ret ;
Oft, when I've come so far your Hands to
kiss,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding
Bliss,
I'm told, you're gone to the Vexatious
Hall,
Where, with eternal Lungs, the Lawyers
bawl,
Or else stole out, a Female Friend to see ;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service ; and that's
civil,
But to trudge four, and miss you, is the De-
vil.*

And now, if you are not incurably lost
to all sence of Humanity, send me word
where it is you pass your Evenings, or in
one of your beloved Catullus's Expres-
sions,

Demonstres ubi sunt tua tenebra.

But if you think that too hard upon you,
for I wou'd not be thought to invade
your Privacies, appoint some common

M

meet

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meeting-place, the *Griffin*, or the *Dog*, where, with two or three more select Friends, we may pass a few Hours over a Righteous Bottle of Claret. As you ever hope that Heaven will be merciful, or *Sylvia* true to you, let this happy Night be some time this Week.

I am your

most obliged Servant,

London,
June 20.
1695.

T. BROWN.

To

To the Perjur'd Mrs. —

THIS Morning I receiv'd the News,
(which, knowing you to be a
Woman, I confess, did not much startle
me) that is, spight of all your Promises,
your Vows, and Obligations, nay, and
in spight of your Interest too, (which
you Women so seldom sin against),
you had sacrificed my worthy Friend
Mr. —, and are to be married next
Week to that nauseous, that insup-
portable, that everlasting Beast —.
Upon which I immediately repair'd to
my Friend's Lodgings, and, because I
knew but too well how nearly he had
taken you into his Heart, I carried him
to that blessed Sanctuary of disappointed
Lovers, a Tavern, the better to pre-
pare him for the News of your Infideli-
ty; I plied him warmly with the Juice
of the generous Grape, and entertain'd
him all the while with the most horrible
Stories of your Sex, that my Malice
cou'd suggest to me, which, Heaven be
M 2 prais'd,

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prais'd, was fruitful enough upon this occasion; for I don't believe I forgot one single Instance of Female Treachery, from Mother *Eve*, of wheedling Memory, down to your virtuous self. At last, when Matters were ripe, I disclosed the unwelcome Secret to him ———. He raved and wept, and, after some interval, wept and raved again; but, thanks to my pious Advice, and the kind Influence of t'other Bottle, it was not long before the Paroxysm was over. I cou'd almost wish you had been by, to see how heroically he threw off your Chains; with what Alacrity he tore you from his Bosom; and, in fine, with what a Christian Self-denial he renounc'd you; more heartily, I dare swear, than his Godfather abjur'd the Devil for him at his Baptism.

And now, Madam, tho' I confess you have prevented my Curses, by your choice of such a Coxcomb, and 'tis not good Manners to solícite a Judgment from Heaven on every such Accident at this, (for Providence wou'd have a fine time on't, to be at the expence of a Thunderbolt, for every Woman that forswears her-

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herself) yet so much do I resent the ill usage of my Friend, that I cannot forbear to give you this conviction, how earnestly I can pray, when I set my self to't. Therefore give me leave, Madam, to throw these hearty Ejaculations at your Head, now, since I shall not have the honour to throw a Stocking at you on the fatal Night of Consummation.

May the Brute, your Husband, be as Jealous of you, as Usurpers are of their new Subjects, and, to shew his good opinion of your Judgment as well as your Virtue, may he suspect you of a Commerce with nothing of God's making; nothing like a Gentleman that may serve to excuse the Sin, but lowlie Bush-begotten Vagabonds, and hideous Rogues in Rags and Tatters, or Monsters that stole into the World, when Nature was asleep, with Ulcers all over them, and Bunches on their Backs as large as Hillocks. May you never actually Cuckold him, (for that were to wish you some Pleasure, which, God knows, I am far from being guilty of) but what will serve to torment him as effectually: May the Wretch imagine, you've injur'd
M 3 him

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him that way; under which prepossession may he never open his Mouth, but to Curse, nor lift up his Hands, but to Chastise you. May that execrable Day be for ever banished out of the *Almanack*, in which he does not use his best endeavours to beat one into your Bones; and may you never go to Bed without an apprehension that he'll cut your Throat: May he too have the same distrust of you. Thus may your Nights be spent in Eternal Quarrels, and your Nuptial-sheets boast of no honourable Blood but what's owing to these Nocturnal Skirmishes. May he lock you up from the sight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conscience to keep you company, till at last, between his penurious allowance and the sense of your own guilt, you make so terrible a Figure, that the worst Witch in *Mackberb* wou'd seem an Angel to you. May not even this dismal Solitude protect you from his Suspensions, but may some good-natured Devil whisper into his Ear, That you have committed Wickedness with a Bedstaff, and, in one of his frantick Fits, may he beat out your Brains with that supposed Instrument of your Lust. May your History

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story be transmitted to all Ages in the
Annals of *Grubstreet*, and, as they fright
Children with *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*,
may your Name be quoted to deter Peo-
ple from committing of Matrimony.
And, to ratifie all this, (upon my Knees,
I most devoutly beg it) may Heaven hear
the Prayers of,

T. BROWN.

M 4

To

To the Honourable—— in the Pall-mall.

SIR,

LAst Night I had the following Verses, which, for my part, I confess, I never saw before, given me by a Gentleman, who assur'd me they were written by my late Lord *Rochester*; and, knowing what a *just* Value you have for all the Compositions of that *incomparable* Person, I was resolv'd to send 'em to you by the first opportunity. 'Tis indeed very strange how they could be continued in private hands all this while, since the great care that has been taken to print every Line of his Lordship's Writing that would endure a publick view: But I am not able to assign the Reason for it. All that you need know concerning the occasion of them, is, that they were written in a Lady's Prayer-book.

Fling

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*Fling this useleſs Book away,
And preſume no more to pray;
Heav'n is juſt, and can beſtow
Mercy on none but thoſe that mercy ſhow.
With a proud Heart, maliciously inclin'd,
Not to encrease, but to ſubdue Mankind.
In vain you vex the Gods with your Pe-
tition;
Without Repentance and ſincere Contri-
tion,
You'r in a Reprobate Condition.
Phillis, to calm the angry Powers,
And ſave my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from Deſpair,
And Juſtify the Gods that made you fair;
And in thoſe bright and charming Eyes
Let Pity firſt appear, then Love;
That we by eaſie ſteps may riſe
Through all the Joys on Earth, to thoſe
Above.*

I cannot ſwear to their being genu-
ine; however, there's ſomething ſo deli-
cate in the Thought, ſo eaſie and beauti-
ful in the Expreſſion, that I am without
much difficulty to be perſwaded, that
they belong to my Lord. Beſides, I can-
not imagine with what proſpect any Gen-
tleman

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tleman should disown a Copy of Verses which might have done him no ill Service with the Ladies, to father them upon his Lordship, whose Reputation was so well establish'd among them beforehand, by a numerous and lawful Issue of his own begetting. The Song that comes along with them was written by Mr. Gl—of *Lincoln's-Inn*; and, I believe, you'll applaud my Judgment, for seeking to entertain you out of my Friend's Store, who understands the Harmony of an English Ode so well, since I have nothing of mine own that deserves transcribing.

I.

*Phillis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all the Art,
To direct her in her Sporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
All is real Inclination;
No false Raptures in the Bliss;
No feign'd Sighings in the Passion.*

II.

*Eat, oh! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousand ways of toying,
When she does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying? Who*

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*Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to the Blissess?
Who the Eyes that Swim in Love,
Or the Lips that suck in Kisses?*

III.

*Oh the Freaks, when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the possessing!
Oh the silent Trance! which shows
The Delight above expressing.
Every way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying:
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her Dying.*

I could not but laugh at one Passage in your Letter, where you tell me, That you, and half a dozen more, had like to have been talk'd to death t'other day, by— upon the Success of his late Play. For my part, I don't pity you at all; for why, the Devil should a Man run his Head against a Brick-wall, when he may avoid it? On the other hand, I wonder why you Gentlemen of *Will's* Coffee-house, who pretend to study Pleasure above other People, should not as naturally scamper out of the Room when your Persecuter appears, as Monsieur *Misson* tells us,
the

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the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of Church as soon as ever they see a *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit. I find by you, that the abovemention'd everlasting *Babillard* plagued you with his Songs, and talked of outdoing *Don Quixot* of Melodious Memory; so far I agree with him, that if he has any Genius, it lies wholly in Sonnet. But (Heaven be prais'd) notwithstanding all the feeble Efforts of his Enemies to depose him, Mr. *D'Urfey* still continues the only Legal, Rightful and Undoubted King of *Lyric-land*, whom God grant long to Reign over all his Hamlets, and may no *Gallic* Attempts against his Crown or Person ever prosper. So wishes

Your most obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

To

To My Lady——

I Found a Letter of your Ladiship's own Hand left for me last Night at my Lodgings. This Morning a Porter visited me with another of the sort, and just now going to dine with some Friends at the *Blew-posts*, you send me a third to refresh my Memory. I vow to God, *Madam*, if you continue to draw your Bills so fast upon me, I must be forc'd to protest them in my own defence, or fly my Country. But, with submission, methinks the Language of all three was very surprizing: You complain of my absence, and coldness, and the Lord knows what, tho' 'tis but four days ago since I gave you the best convictions of my Love I cou'd, and you flatter'd me strangely, if you were not satisfied with them: May I be as unacceptable to all Womankind as an old Eunuch with *Jo. Haynes's* Voice, if there's a Person in the Universe whom I adore above yourself; but the devoutest Lover upon Earth may sometimes be
with

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without an Offering, and then certainly he's excused by all Love's Cannon-Law in the World, for not coming to the *Altar*. There are People I know that love to hear the rattling of the Boxes, and show themselves at the Groom-Porter's, when they have not a Farthing in their Pockets; but for my part, I cou'd never endure to be an idle Looker on. I have a thousand Obligations to your Ladiship, and till I am in a capacity to repay them, shou'd be as uneasy to see you, as any other Creditor when I have no Money to send him going. I am so very honest in my own nature, that I wou'd not put you off with half Payments, and if I were not, your Ladiship is so discerning, that I might much easier palm clipt Mony upon a Jew, than succeed in such a trick with so nice a Judge. Perhaps, Madam, you are scrupulous in this matter even to a Fault. 'Tis not enough for you, that your Mony is Parliamentary, and that other People wou'd be glad on't, for if it is not of the largest size, or wants one grain of its due weight, you reject it with indignation. But, what is the hardest case of all, (and you must pardon me, Madam, if I take this
occa-

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occasion to reproach you with it) you are for engrossing a Man's whole Cash to your self, and, by your good will, wou'd not leave him one solitary Testar to distribute among the Needy elsewhere, tho' you don't know what Objects of Charity he may meet abroad. This, in truth, is very severe usage: 'Tis the same as if the Government shou'd only take care to pay off the Soldiers in *Flanders*, and suffer the poor Seamen to starve. Even the Royal-Oak Lottery, who are fit to be imitated by you in this particular, never strip a Man intirely of all, but let him march off decently with a Crown or two to carry him home. If this Example won't work upon you, pray learn a piece of Tartarian-mercy; they are none of the best bred People in the World, I confess, but are so civil when they come to a place, not to Eat out the Heart of the Soil, but, having serv'd a present turn, shift their Quarters, and forbear to make a second Visit till the Grass is grown up again. Nay, a Nonconformist Parson, who is a kind of a rambling Church Tartar, but of the worser sort, after he has grazed a beloved Text as bare as the back of one's Hand, is glad
for

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for his own convenience, to remove to another. Both these Instances, you'll say, look as if I advis'd you to supply my defect in another place; I leave that to your own discretion, but really your humble Servant's present Exigences are such, that he must be forced to shut up his Exchequer for some time.

I have a hundred times wish'd, That those unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged, (*Montague* before me did the same for the Statuaries) for giving you, Ladies, such wrong Notions of things. By representing their Heroes so much beyond Nature, they put such extravagant Idea's into your Heads, that every Woman, unless she has a very despicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit-Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her share, and nothing below such a Monster will content her. You think the Men cou'd do infinitely more, if they pleas'd; and, as 'tis a foolish Notion of the *Indians*, that the Apes wou'd speak, if it were not for fear of being made Slaves to the *Spaniards*; so you, forsooth, imagine,

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gine, that we, for some such reason, are afraid of going to the full length of our Abilities. We cannot be so much deceived in our hopes of your Constancy, as you are disappointed in our Performances; so that 'twere happy for the World, I think, if Heaven wou'd either give us the Vigour of those Brawny long-liv'd Fellows, our Ancestors, or else abridge the Desires of the Women: But, Madam, don't believe a word, that those Romance Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the Poets tell you. The latter prate much of one *Hercules*, a Plague take him, that run the Gantlet through fifty Virgin-sisters in one Night. 'Tis an impudent Fiction, Madam. The Devil of a *Hercules*, that there ever was upon the Face of the Earth, (let me beg of you therefore, not to set him up for a Knight of the Shire, to represent the rest) or, if part of his History is true, he was a downright Madman, and prosper'd accordingly; for you know he died raving and impenitent upon a Mountain. Both he and his whole Family have been extinct these two thousand Years and upwards. Some Memoirs tell us, That the Country rose upon them, and dispatch'd them all

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in a Night, as the *Glencow*-men were served in *Scotland*. I wont justifie the truth of this ; but, after you have tried the whole Race of us, one after another, if you find one Man that pretends to be related to this *Hercules*, tho' at the distance of a Welch Genealogy, let me die the Death of the Wicked.

Therefore, Madam, take my Advice, and I'll engage you shall be no loser by it. If your Necessities are so pressing, that you can't stay, you must e'n borrow of a Neighbour ; since *Cheapside* fails you, a God's Name, try your Fortune in *Lombard-street*. But if you cou'd order Matters otherwise, and allow me a Week or so longer, to make up my Sum, you shou'd then be repaid with Interest, by

L Y S A N D E R.

A Consolatory Letter to an Essex-Divine upon the Death of his Wife.

OLD FRIEND,

A Gentleman, that lives in your Neighbourhood, told me this Morning, after we had had some short Discourse about you, that you have buried your Wife. You and I, Doctor, knew one another, I think, pretty well at the College; but being absolutely a stranger to your Wife's Person and Character, the Old Gentleman in Black take me, if I know how to behave my self upon this occasion; that is to say, whether to be Sad or Merry; whether to Condole, or Congratulate you. But, since I must do one or t'other, I think it best to go on the surer side; And so, Doctor, I give you Joy of your late great Deliverance. You'll ask me, perhaps, why I chose this Party? To which I shall only reply, That your Wife was a Woman, and 'tis an hundred to one that I have hit on the
N 2 right.

right. But if this won't suffice, I have Argument to make use of, that you can no more answer, than you can confute *Bellarmino*. I don't mean the Popish Cardinal of that Name, (for, I believe, you have oftner laid him upon his Back, than Mrs. *Mary*, deceased) but an ungodly Vessel holding about six Gallons, which, in some Parts of *England*, goes by another Name (the more's the pity 'tis suffer'd) and is call'd, a *Jeroboam*. — And thus I urge it. — Mrs. *Mary*, deceased, was either a very good, or a very bad, or an indifferent, a between Hawk and Buzzard Wife; tho' you know the Primitive Christians, for the four first Ages of the Church, were all of Opinion, that there were no indifferent Wives; however, *disputandi gratia*, I allow them here. Now, if she was a good Wife, she's certainly gone to a better place; and then St. *Jerome*, and St. *Austin*, and St. *Ambrose*, and St. *Basil*, and, in short, a whole Cart-load of *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers (whom 'tis not your Interest, by any means, to disoblige) say positively, That you ought not to grieve. If she was a bad one, your Reason will suggest the same to you, without

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out going to Councils and Schoolmen. So now it only remains upon my hands to prove, that you ought not to be concern'd for her Death, if she was an indifferent Wife; and Publick Authority having not thought fit as yet, to oblige us to mourn for Wives of that denomination, it follows, by the Doctrin of the Church of *England*, about things indifferent, that you had better let it alone, for fear of giving Scandal to weak Brethren.

Therefore, Doctor, if you'll take my Advice, in the first place, Pluck up a good Heart; secondly, Smoak your Pipe, as you used to do; thirdly, Read moderately; fourthly, Drink plentifully; fifthly and lastly, When you are distributing Spoon-meat to the People next Sunday from your Pulpit, cast me a Hawk's Eye round your Congregation, and, if you can, spy out a Farmer's Daughter plump and juicy, one that's likely to be a good Breeder, and whose Father is of some Authority in the Parish, (because that may be necessary for the Support of Holy Church) say no more, but pelt her with Letters, Hymns and Spiritual Sonnets, till you have gain'd your

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Carnal Point of her. Follow this Counsel, and I'll engage your late Wife will rise no more in your Stomach; for, by the unerring Rules of Kitchen-Physick, which, I am apt to think, is the best in all cases, one Shoulder of Mutton serves best to drive down another. I am

Yours,

T. BROWN.

To the fair Lucinda, at Epsom.

MADAM,

I Wish I were a Parliament-man for your sake. Another now wou'd have wish'd to have been the *Great Mogul*, the *Grand Seignior*, or at least some Sovereign Prince, but you see I am no ambitious Person, any farther than I aspire to be in your good Graces. Now, if you ask me the Reason, why I wish to be so; 'tis neither to bellow my self into a good Place at Court, nor to avoid paying my Debts; 'tis to do a Publick Service to my Country, 'tis to put the fam'd *Magna Charta* in force: In short, Madam, 'tis to get a Bill pass, whereby every pretty Woman in the Kingdom, (and then I am sure you'll be included in it) shou'd under the severest Penalties imaginable, be prohibited to appear in publick without her Mask on. I have often wonder'd, why our Senators flatter us with being a free People, and pretend they have done such mighty things to secure our Liberty, when

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we are openly plunder'd of it by the Ladies, and that in the Face of the Sun, and on His Majesty's Highway. I am a sad Instance, Madam, of this Truth. I that, but twelve Hours ago, was as free as the wildest Savage in either *Indies*, that Slept easily, Talk'd cheerfully, took my Bottle merrily, and had nothing to rob me of one Minute's Pleasure, now love to be alone, make Answers when no Body speaks to me; Sigh when I least think on't; and, tho' I still drag this heavy lifeless Carcase about me, can give no more account of my own Movements, than of what the two Armies are doing this very moment in *Flanders*. By all these wicked Symptoms, I terribly suspect I am in Love. If that is my case, and *Lucinda* does not prove as Merciful as she is Charming, the Lord have Mercy on poor

MIRTILLO.

To

To the same at London.

MADAM,

AT last, but after a tedious Enquiry, I have found out your Lodgings in Town, and am pleas'd to hear you're kept by ——— who, according to our last Advices from *Lombard-street*, is Rich and Old, two as good Qualities as a Man cou'd desire in a Rival: May the whole World (I heartily wish it) consent to pay Tribute to all your Conveniences, nay, to your Luxury; while I, and none but I, have the honour to administer to your Love. Don't tell me your Obligations to him won't give you leave to be complaisant to a Stranger. You are his Sovereign, and 'tis a standing Rule among us Casuists, that under that capacity you can do him no wrong. But you imagine he loves you, because he presents you with so many fine Things: After this rate, the most impotent Wretches wou'd be the greatest Lovers; for none are found to bribe Heaven or
Wo-

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Women so high, as those that have the most defects to atone for. You may take it for granted, that half the Keeping-Drones about the Town, do it rather to follow the Mode, or to please a vain Humour, than out of Love to the Party they pretend to admire so, and this foolish Affectation attends them in other things. I cou'd tell you of a certain Lord, that keeps a Chaplain in his House, and allows him plentifully, yet this Noble Peer is a rank Atheist in his Heart, and believes nothing of the matter: I know another, that has a fine Stable of Horses; and a third, that values himself upon his great Library, yet one of them rides out but once in half a Year, and t'other never looked on a Book in all his Life. Admit your City-Friend loved you never so well, yet he's old, which is an incurable Fault, and looking upon you as his Purchase, comes with a Secure, that is with a sickly Appetite; while a vigorous Lover, such as I am, that has honourable Difficulties to pass through, that knows he's upon his good Behaviour, and has nothing but his Merits to recommend him, is nothing but Rapture, and Extasie, and Devotion.

But

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But oh, you are afraid it will come to Old Limberham's Ears; that is to say, You apprehend I shall make Discoveries; for 'tis not to be supposed you'll turn Evidence against yourself. Prithee, Child, don't let that frighten you. Not a bribed Parliament-man, nor a drubb'd Beau, nor a breaking Tradesman; nay, to give you the last satisfaction of my Secresie, not a Parson that has committed Simony, nor a forraging Author that has got a private Stealing-place, shall be half so secret, as you'll find me upon this occasion. I'll always come the back-way to your Lodgings, and that in the Evening, with as much prudent religious Caution, as a City Clergyman steals into a Tavern on Sundays; and tho' it be a difficult Lesson for Flesh and Blood to practise, yet, to convince you, Madam, how much I value your Reputation, above my own Pleasure, I'll leave you a Mornings before Scandal it self is up; that is, before any of the censorious Neighbourhood are stirring. If I see you in the Street, or at the Play-house, I'll know you no more, than two Sharpers, that design to bob a Country-fellow with a dropp'd Guinea, know one another when they meet in the
Ta-

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Tavern. I'll not discover my Engagements with you by any Overt-acts of my Loyalty, such as Drinking your Health in all Companies, and Writing your Name in every Glass-window, nor yet betray you by too superstitious a Care to conceal the Intrigue.

Thus, Madam, I have answered all the Scruples that I thought cou'd affect you upon this Matter. But, to satisfy your Conscience farther, I am resolved to visit you to Morrow-night; therefore muster up all the Objections you can, and place them in the most formidable posture, that I may have the Honour to attack and defeat them. If you don't wilfully oppose your own Happiness, I'll convince you, before we part, that there's a greater Difference than you imagine, between your Man of Phlegm, and such a Lover as,

MIRTILLO.

To

To W. Knight, *Esq*; at Ruscomb
in Berkshire.

Dear S I R,

YOU desir'd me, when I saw you last,
to send you the News of the
Town, and to let you see how punctually
I have obey'd your Orders, scarce a Day
has pass'd over my Head since, but I have
been enquiring after the freshest Ghosts
and Apparitions for you, Rapes of the
newest date, dexterous Murders, and
fantastical Marriages, Country Steeples
demolish'd by Lightning, Whales strand-
ed in the North, &c. a large Account
of all which you may expect when they
come in my way, but at present be pleas'd
to take up with the following News.

On *Tuesday* last, that walking piece of
English Mummy, that Sybil incarnate,
I mean my Lady *Courtall*, who has not
had one Tooth in her Head, since King
Charles's Restauration, and looks old e-
nough to pass for Venerable *Bede's* Grand-
mother, was Married — Cou'd you be-
lieve

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lieve it?—To young *Lisano*. You must know I did myself the Honour now and then to make her Ladiship a Visit, and found that of late she affected a youthful Air, and spruc'd up her Carcase most egregiously ; but, the Duce take me, if I suspected her of any lewd Inclinations to Marry ; I thought that *Devil* had been laid in her long ago. To make my Visits more acceptable, I us'd to compliment her upon her Charms and all that ; where by the by, my dear Friend, you may take it for a general Rule, that the Uglier your Women are, and the Duller your Men, they are the easier to be flatter'd into a belief of their Beauty and Wit. I told her, she was resolv'd to act *Sampson's* part, and Kill more People in the last Scene of her Life, than other Ladies cou'd pretend to do in the whole five Acts of theirs. By a certain awkward Joy, that display'd itself all over her Countenance, and glowed even through her Cheeks of Buff, I cou'd perceive this nauseous Incense was not unwelcome to her. 'Tis true, she had the Grace to deny all this ; and told me, I rallied her, but deny'd it so, as intriguing Sparks deny they have lain with fine Women, and some
Wou'd-

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Wou'd-be Poets deny their writing of Fatherless Lampoons, when they have a mind at the same time to be thought they did what they coldly disown. I cou'd not but observe upon this, and several other occasions, how merciful Heaven has been to us, in weaving Self-love so closely into our Natures, in order to make Life palatable. The Divines indeed arraign it as a Sin; that is, they wou'd make us more miserable than Providence ever design'd us, though were it not for this very Sin, not one of them in a hundred wou'd have Courage enough to talk in publick. For my part, I always consider'd it as the best Friend, and greatest blessing we have, without which, all those merry Farces that now serve to entertain us wou'd be lost, and the World itself be as silent and melancholy as a Spanish Court. 'Tis this blessed Vanity that makes all Mankind easie and chearful at home, (for no Body's a Fool, or a Rascal, or Ugly, or Impertinent in his own Eyes) that makes a Miser think himself Wise, an affected Coxcomb think himself a Wit, a thriving gay Villain think himself a Politician, and, in short, that makes my Lady Court-all believe herself agreeable. But to quit
this

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this Digression and pursue my Story.

On the Day abovemention'd, this dry Puffs of Quality, that had such a furious longing to be Matrimonially larded, stole out of her House with two of her Grave Companions, and never did a Country Justice's Oatmeal-eating Daughter of Fifteen use more discretion to be undone with her Father's Clark, or Chaplain. *Gray's Inn* Walks was the place of Rendezvous, where, after they had taken a few Turns, *Lisania* and she walked separately to the Chappel, and the Holy Magician Conjur'd them into the Circle. From thence they drove home in several Coaches, Din'd together, but not a Syllable of the Wickedness they had committed, till towards Night, because then I suppose their Blushes were best concealed, they thought fit to own all. Upon this some few Friends were invited, and the Fiddles struck up, and my old Lady frisk'd about most notably, but was as much overtopp'd, and put out of Countenance, by the Young Women, as *Somerset-house* with the New Buildings. Not to enter into a Detail of all that happen'd, this rusty Gammon of Bacon at last was dished

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dished up between a pair of clean Sheets, soon after the Bridegroom follow'd, going to act *Curtius's* Story, and leap alive into a Gulf. Let others envy his fine Equipage, and brace of Footmen, that think it worth the while ; as for me, I shall always pity the Wretch, who, to fill his Guts at Noon, obliges himself to work in a Mine all Night. A poor Knight of *Alsatia*, that Dines upon good wholesome Air in the Temple-Walks, is a Prince to him.

I met *Lisano* this Morning at the *Rain-bow*, and whether 'twas his Pride, or ill Humour, since Marriage, I can't tell ; but he looked as grim as a Fanatick that fancies himself to be in the State of Grace. I have read somewhere, that the Great Mogul weighs himself once a Year, and that the Courtiers rejoyce or grieve, according as the Royal Body increaseth or diminishes. I wonder why some of our Nice Beaux that are Married, don't do the like, to know exactly what Depredations a Spouse makes upon the Body Natural. As for *Lisano*, I wou'd advise him never to do it, because if he wastes proportionably to what he has done this

O Week,

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Week, a Skeleton will out-weigh him by the Year's End. But this is not half the Mortification that a Man must expect, who, to shew his Courage, ventures upon a Widow. Though he mounts the Guard every Night, and wears out his Carcase in her Service, till at last, like *Witherington*, in the Ballad, he fight's upon his Stumps, yet he's never thanked for his pains; but labours under the same ill Circumstances with a King that comes after one that is deposed, for he's sure to be told of his Predecessor upon all occasions. The second Temple at *Jerusalem*, was, without question, a Noble Structure, and yet we find the old Fellows wept, and shook their Heads at it: Every Widow is so far a Jew in her Heart, that as long as the World lasts, the second House will fall short of the Glory of the first. And indeed I am apt to imagine the Complaints is just, for a Maid and Widow are two different things; and how can it be expected that a Man shou'd come with the same Appetite to a Second-hand Dish, as he brought with him when it was first serv'd upon the Table?

And

And now Mr. *Knight*, I am upon the Chapter of Widows, give me leave to add a word or two more. A true Widow is as seldom unfurnish'd of an Excuse to Marry again, as a true Toper is without an Argument for Drinking. Let it rain or shine, be hot or cold, 'tis all one, a true Son of *Bacchus* never wants a good Reason to push about the Glass. And so a Widow, if she had a good Husband, thinks herself obliged, in meer Gratitude to Providence, to venture again; and if he was a bad one, she only tries to mend her hand in a second Choice. It was not so with the People of *Athens* and *Rome*. The former had a King that lost his Life in their Quarrel, and they wou'd have no more, because he was too good for them, as the latter, because theirs was an ill one. But Common-wealths, you know, are Whymfical things. I have only one thing more to say before I have done, which though it looks like a Paradox at first sight, yet after you have consider'd a while upon it, I fancy you'll grant to be true: 'Tis in short this, That a Man is the decay of his Vigour, when he begins to mistrust his Abilities, had

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mūch better Marty a Widow than a Maid, For, as Sir *John Suckling* has long ago observed, a Widow is a sort of Quagmire, and you know the finest Racer may be as soon founder'd there, as the heaviest Dray-horse. I am

Your most obliged Servant.

T. BROWN.

POSTSCRIPT.

I believe I shall see you in the Country, before you hear from me again. Lest I should come down a Barbarian to you Fox-hunters, I have been learning all your noble Terms of Art for this Month; and now, God be praised, am a great Proficient in the Language, and can talk of Dogs and Horses half an Hour, without committing one Solecism. I have liv'd as sober too all this while as a Parson that stands Candidate for a Living, and with this Month's Sobriety in my Belly, design to do Wonders among you in the Country.

To

To a Gentleman that fell desperately in Love, and set up for a Beau, in the 45th Year of his Age.

I Never was a *Predestinarian* before, but now begin to think better of *Zeno* and *John Calvin* than ever, and to be convinc'd there's a *Fatality* attends us. What less cou'd have made ——— once the Gay, the Brave, the Witty (six Months ago I shou'd have added the *Wife*) at the approach of *Gravity* and *Gray Hairs* forfeit his Character, fall in Love with *Trash*, and languish for a *green Codling*, that sticks so close to the *Stem*, that he may sooner shake down the *Tree*, than the *Fruit*? 'Tis true, the foolish Hours of our Lives are generally those that give us the greatest share of *Pleasure*, but yours is so extravagant, so unreasonable a *Frolick*, that I wonder you don't make your Life all of a piece, and learn at these *Years* to jump through a *Hoop*,
O 3 and

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and practise other laudable Feats of *Activity*. Oh, what a Conflict there is in your Breast, between *Love* and *Discretion* ! 'Tis a motly Scene of *Mirth* and *Compassion*, to see you taking as much pains to conceal your *Passion* from the prying malicious *World*, as a bashful young Sinner does to hide her *Great Belly*, and to as little purpose, for 'twill out.—You must be a *Touchwood-Lover*, forsooth, and *burn* without *Blaze* or *Smoke*. But why wou'd you feel all the *Heat*, yet want the Comforter *Light* ? Such sullen Fires may serve to kindle your Mistress's *Vanity*, but never to warm her *Heart*. Well, *Love* I find operates with the *Grave*, like *Drink* with *Cowards*, it makes 'em most *valiant*, when least *able*. But why's the *Hair* cut off ? Can you *deck* any Years with it ? Or are you the Reverse of *Sampson*, the *stronger* for *shaving* ? If so, let me see you shake off these *Amorous Fetters* to shew your power. But you are *Buccaneering* for a Prize, and wou'd surprize a Heart under false *Colours*. Take my word for't, that Stratagem won't do, for the *Pinnacle* you design upon, knows you have but a crazie *Hulk*, in spite of your new *Rigging* and *Careening*. Wearing of *Perukes*,

rukes, like advancing more *Standards* than there are *Troops* in an Army, is a stale *Artifice*, that rather betrays your weakness to the *Enemy*, than alarms them: For tho' powder'd *Vallancee*, like *Turkish Horse-tails*, may at a distance make a terrible shew of Strength, yet, my dear Friend, like them too, they are but very *unserviceable* Weapons at a close Engagement. After all, if you're resolved to play a *French Trick*, and wear a *Half-shirt* in *January*, to shew your *Courage*, have a little of the *Frenchman's Prudence* too, and line it with a *Swanskin Waistcoat*: That is, if you must needs at this Age make *Love* to shew your *Vigour*, take care to provide store of *Comforters* to support your *Back*.

The Answer.

WELL, but heark you, Friend *Harry*! And do you think now that *forty* Years (if a Man shou'd ever come to it) is as *fumbling* a doting Age in *Love*, as *Dryden* says, it is in *Poetry*? Why then, what will become of *thee*, who hast made such *wicked Anticipations* upon thy Nature's *Revenue*, that thou art utterly *non-solvent* to any *Matrimonial* Expectations? Thou that in thy *Post-haste* of Town-Riot and Excess, *overleapest* all the Measures of *Time*, and art got to be *Fifty* in Constitution, before thy Age writes *Thirtiety*! Enjoy thy acquir'd *Jubilee*, according to thy wonted *Course*, but be assur'd no Body will ever be able to enjoy thee. The Woman-*Prodigals*, feed upon *Husks*, when they have any thing to do with thee; thou *empty'd, raky, dry Bones*. My *Rheumatical* Person, as such, will be allow'd some *Moisture*, and *Gray Heirs* only tell you, the *Sap* is gone down to the *Root*, where it shou'd be, and from whence
thine

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thine has been long since *exhausted* into every Strumpets *Cavern* about the Suburbs; confound your *Widows*, and put your own *Farthing* Candle lighted at both ends, under one of their *Busbels*, if you please: I find I have *Prowess* enough for the best *Maidenhead* in Town, and resolve to *attempt* nothing under that *honourable Difficulty*. And so much for the Women —

To

To his Honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, at the Bath.

My Dear DOCTOR,

I Have not writ to you these two Months, for which I expect to be severely reprimanded by you, when you come to Town. And yet why shou'd you wonder at such a poor Fellow as I am, for being backward in my Payments, if you consider 'tis the Case, of Lombard-street, nay of the Bank, and the Exchequer it self (you see I support myself by very honourable Examples) at this present melancholy juncture, when, with a little alteration of Mr. Cowley's Words, a Man may truly say,

*Nothing of Ready Cash is found,
But an Eternal Tick goes round.*

However, to make you some amends for so long a Delay, I come to visit you now, like Noah's Dove, with an Olive-branch in my Mouth; that is, in plain English,

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English, I bring you News of a Peace, of a firm, a lasting, and a general Peace, (for after this merry rate our Coffee-house *Politicians* talk) and pray do but consider, if 'twere only for the Pleasure of such an Amusement, what will be the happy Effects of it.

In the first place, this Peace will soon beget good store of Money, (the want of which, though we are sinful enough in all Conscience, is yet the most Crying Sin of the Nation) and this Money will naturally end in a great deal of Riot and Intemperance; and Intemperance will beget a jolly Race of brave Diseases, with new Names and Titles; and then, *My dear Doctor*, you Physicians will have a Blessed Time on't.

As for the *Lawyers*, who, were it not for two or three Noble Peers, some of their never-failing Clergy-Friends, a few well-disposed Widows, and stirring Solicitors, that keep up the Primitive Discipline of *Westminster-hall*, wot'd perfectly forget the Use of their Lungs, they too will see glorious Days again. I was told a melancholy Story t'other Day of two hopeful young Attorneys, who, upon the general Decay of their Profession,
were

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were glad to turn Presbyterian Divines ; and that you'll say is a damn'd Time indeed, when Lawyers are forced to turn Peace-makers. But as the World grows richer, People will recover by degrees out of this State of Laziness ; Law Suits will multiply, and Discord make as splendid a Figure in the Hall as ever. Headstrong Squires will Rebel against their Lady Mothers, and the Church no longer connive at the abominable Sacrilege of Tythe-Pigs and Eggs converted to Lay Uses.

And then, as for the honest Good-fellows of the Town, whose Souls have mourn'd in Secret, ever since the unrighteous Abdication of Claret ; how will they rejoyce to see their old Friend sold at Twelve-pence a Quart again ? What Matter of Joy will it be to his Majesty's Liege-people, that they can get Drunk with half the Cost, and consequently with half the Repentance next Morning ? This will in a particular manner, revive the drooping Spirits of the City Sots ; for nothing goes so much against a true *Cheapside* Conscience, as an expensive Sin. As times go now, a younger Brother can hardly peep into a Tavern without

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without entailing a Week's Sobriety upon himself; which, considering what Occasions there may be to drink away the Publick and Private Calamities, is a sad Mortification. Wine indeed is grown a fullen Mistress, that will only be enjoy'd by Men of some Fortune, and not by them neither, but upon solemn Days; so that if these wicked Taxes continue, *Canary* it self, tho' a Confederate of ours, is like to meet the Fate of condemn'd Criminals, to return to the dismal Place from whence it came, an Apothecary's Shop; and to be distributed about by discreet Nurses in the Primitive sneaking Gill. 'Tis true, the Parliament, as it became those to whom the People had delegated their Power, thought to obviate these Grievances, by the Six-penny Act, and laying a Five hundred Pound Fine upon Cellar-Adultery; but the Vintners, an impudent Generation, broke through these Laws as easily as if they had been Senators themselves; nay, had the Boldness to raise new Exactions upon the Subject: This obliged one half of the Town, at least, to come down a Story lower, and take up with dull *Engl*ish Manufacture, so that half our Wit
lies

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lies buried in execrable Flip, or fulsome *Nottingham*. To this may be ascribed all those phlegmatick, sickly Compositions, that have loaded of late both the Theatres, most of which puny Butter-prints, like Children begot by Pockey Parents, were scarce able to endure the Christening; and others, with mighty pains and difficulty, lived just long enough (a *Merbuseleh's* Age!) to be Crown'd with Damnation on the third Day. But when Money circulates merrily, and Claret is to be had at the old Price, a new Spirit will appear abroad, Wit and Mirth will shake off their Fetters; and *Parnassus*, that has made such heavy returns of late Years, will trade considerably. It would be too tedious to reckon up all the other Advantages that the Kingdom will receive by this joyful turn of the Scene; but there are some behind, which I must not omit, because the Publick is so nearly concern'd in them. We have a World of Married Men now, that, to save Charges, take *St. Paul's* Advice in the Literal Sence, and, having Wives, live as if they had none at all, and so defraud both them and the Government; but upon the hap-

py Arrival of Peace, they'll vigorously set their Hands to the Plough again, and the Stale Batchelors too will find Encouragement to Marry, and leave behind them a pious Race of Fools, that, within these Twenty Years, will be ripe to be knock'd in the Head, in defence of the Liberty of the Subject, and the Protestant Religion.

We hear there's such a thing as New Money in the City, but it only visits the Elect, for the Generality of People are such Reprobates to the Government, that they may sooner get God's Grace, than a Mill'd Crown-piece. To inflame our Reckoning, tho' there's so little Silver stirring in the Nation, that Dr. *Chamberlain* is in greater hopes than ever of making his Paper-project take, yet the World was never so unseasonably scrupulous. What an Usurer wou'd have leap'd at in King *Charles's* Time, our very Porters now reject; which is full as ridiculous, as if in the present Difficulty of raising Recruits, a Captain shou'd resolve to take no Men but such as were eight Foot high, or a Gentleman in the last Ebb of his Fortune, when he can scarcely pay for Small-beer, shou'd then,
and

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and never before, fall in Love with *Champagen*. The last Year we had Money enough, such as it was, merrily Circumcised, the Lord knows, however it made a Shift to find us Wine and Harlots : Now 'tis all silenc'd, and in the room of it, (but that too, will soon suffer Circumcision) Faith passes for current, and never was there a Time of more Universal Chalk, since the Apostolical Ages. This, among other Evils, cannot but have an ill Effect, *My dear Doctor*, upon the Gentlemen of your Profession; for People at present, are so taken up with the Publick Transactions, or their own Losses, that they have no leisure, or are so poor, that they have no fancy to be Sick. The Generality of those that are, Christen a Distemper as they do Shipwracks in *Cornwall*, by the Name of God's Blessing, and tho' a Legion of Diseases invest them, don't think it worth the while to send for a Physician to raise the Siege : If they do, 'tis for none of the College, 'tis for some Half-Crown Chirurgeon, who has cheated the World into an Opinion of his Skill, by putting Greek into his Sign, or for a Twelve-penny Seventh Son, that preaches on
Horse-

Horseback in the Streets; but in the Case of Chronical Diseases, *let the World rub*, is the general Language. Men put off the mending of their Bodies, as they do of ill-tenanted Cottages, till they have Money to spare. There's a venerable Bawd in *Covent-garden*, that had her Windows demolished last *Shrove-Tuesday*, and she won't repair them neither, till there's a General Peace.

I believe no Body in the Nation will be averse to it, but only our Friends in Red, and these find their Account so visibly in the continuance of the War, that if they ever pray, which, I believe, is but seldom, we must excuse 'em if 'tis against that Petition, *Da pacem Domine in Diebus nostris*. Some of 'em quitted Cook upon *Littleton*, and some abandon'd other Stations to go into the Service; and these upon a Change of Affairs, must either turn Padders upon *Apollo's*, or the King's high Road, and either turn Authors, or *Grands Voleurs*, in their own defence. But *Paul's* will be built in a short time, and then a *Low-Country* Captain will make as busie a Figure in the Middle Isle, as ever his Predecessors did in the Days of *Ben*.

Johnson. Some of them may fight over the Battels of *Steenkirk* and *Landen* in Ordinaries, or demonstrate how *Namur* was taken, by scaling the Walls of a *Christmas Pye*; and others set up Fencing Schools, to instruct the City Youth. The latter, indeed, will act most naturally; for I observe, that when People are forc'd to change their Professions, they keep to 'em as nigh as they can, tho' they act in a lower Sphere: So for instance, a batter'd Harlot makes a discreet Bawd, and a broken Cutler an excellent Grinder of Knives. As for the Poets, I believe they are the most indifferent Men in the Kingdom as to what happens: They have lost nothing by the *French Privateers* since the Revolution; nor are like to do, if the War lasts Seven Years longer, so it may be supposed they will not be angry to see the only Calumny of their Profession, I mean their Poverty made universal; and indeed, if to pay People with fair Words, and no Performance, be Poetical, there's more Poetry in *Grocers-hall*, than in *Parnassus* it self.

But, *My dear Doctor*, after all this mighty Discourse of a Peace, for my part,

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part, I shou'd believe as little of it, as I do of most of Mr. *Aubrey's* Apparition Stories, but that we have not Money enough to carry on this great Law Suit, much longer, (for in effect, War is no other, only you must Fee more Council, and give greater Bribes) and the Lord have Mercy, say I, on a Man that Sues, or a Prince that fights for his Right in *Forma Pauperis*. This, and nothing but this, makes me imagine we shall have a Peace, and not the Christian Piety of one or t'other side. And to say the truth, half the Vertue in the World, if traced to the Cradle, will be found to be the lawful Issue of meer Necessity. People lay aside their Vices, to which their Vertues succeed, just as they do their Cloaths, sometimes when they are Unfashionable, but generally when they are worn Thread-bare, and will hang about them no longer. A Godly Rascal of the City leaves off Cheating, when the World will Trust him no longer; and a Rakehell turns Sober, when his Purse fails, or his Carcase leaves him in the Lurch: And lastly, which word, I don't doubt, sounds as comfortably to you, as ever it did to a hungry Sinner

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in a long-winded Church ; 'tis for want
of more Paper, more Ink, and more
Candle that I persecute you no longer,
who am

Your most humble Servant,

T. BROWN.

To

To Mr. Raphson, Fellow of the
Royal Society.

I Send you by the Bearer hereof,
Mr. *Aubrey's* Book, that you have
so much long'd to see: 'Tis a Collecti-
on of *Omens, Voices, Knockings, Appa-
ritions, Dreams, &c.* which whether
they are agreeable to your System of
Theology, I cannot tell. And now I
talk of Dreams, I have often wonder'd
how they came to be in such request in
the *East*: Whether their Imaginations
in those hot Countries are more rampant
than ours, or whether the Priesthood,
for their own ends, cultivated this Su-
perstition in the People, which I am ra-
ther inclined to believe; yet 'tis certain,
that Affairs of the last Consequence, have
been determin'd by them. An Interpre-
ter of Dreams, was, in some sort, a Mi-
nister of State in those Nations; and an
Eastern King cou'd no more be without
one of that Profession in his Court, than
an *European* Prince without his Chap-
lain, or Confessor. *Homer* too, the Fa-

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they are agreeable to your System of
Theology, I cannot tell. And now I
talk of Dreams, I have often wonder'd
how they came to be in such request in
the *East*: Whether their Imaginations
in those hot Countries are more rampant
than ours, or whether the Priesthood,
for their own ends, cultivated this Su-
perstition in the People, which I am ra-
ther inclined to believe; yet 'tis certain,
that Affairs of the last Consequence, have
been determin'd by them. An Interpre-
ter of Dreams, was, in some sort, a Mi-
nister of State in those Nations; and an
Eastern King cou'd no more be without
one of that Profession in his Court, than
an *European* Prince without his Chap-
lain, or Confessor. *Homer* too, the Fa-
ther

ther of the *Bards*, had a great Veneration for Dreams. *Ὅτις ἐν Διδῶς ἐστὶ*. He makes them all *Jure Divino* you see; had he liv'd in Archbishop *Laud's* Time, he cou'd not have said more for Monarchy, or Episcopacy. If you can pardon this foolish Digression, (for which I can plead no other Excuse than the *Dog-days*) I have something of another Nature to communicate to you, which I am confident will highly please a Gentleman of your Curiosity.

Dr. *Connor*, of the College of Physicians, and Eellow of the *Royal Society*, hath now Published in Latin, his *Evangelium Medici, seu Medicina Mystica de Suspensis Naturæ Legibus, sive de Miraculis*. He designs in this Book, to show by the Principles of Reason and Physick, as likewise by Chymistry and Anatomy, that the natural State of any Body can never be so much over-turned, or the Scituation of its parts so extreamly alter'd, but it may be conceiv'd in our Mind. He treats of Organical Bodies, and the Human in particular: But because some Persons, who never gave themselves the Trouble, to be fully informed of what he means, have been pleas'd

pleas'd to censure his Undertaking as very extravagant, I have his leave to lay open his Tenets before you, who are own'd by all that know you, to be so great a Master in all parts of Learning, and chiefly the Mathematical. Now the chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of, are as follows.

I. *Of the Nature of a Body, particularly an Organical one, where the Structure and Natural State of the Human Body is explain'd.*

II. *How many ways the Natural State of the Human Body, is said to have been Supernaturally alter'd.*

III. *Of the Laws of Motion, and of the three different Suspensions of the same, in order to explain all Miracles.*

IV. *How it can be conceived, that Water can be changed into Wine.*

V. *How it can be conceived, that a Human Body can be Invulnerable, Immortal, and can live for ever without Meat, as after the Resurrection.*

VI. *How a Human Body can be conceived to be in a Fire without Burning.*

VII. *How we can conceive that an Army can pass through the Sea without Drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.*

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VIII. *How it can be conceived, that a Man can have a Bloody Sweat.*

IX. *Of the different Ways a Human Body can come into the World; where is given an Account of its Generation by Concourse of Man and Woman.*

X. *How we can conceive a Human Body can be form'd of a Woman without a Man, as Christ's.*

XI. *How to conceive a Human Body to be made without Man or Woman, as Adam's.*

XII. *How to conceive a Human Body dead, some Ages since, to be brought to Life again, as in the Resurrection.*

XIII. *How many ways it cannot be conceived, that a Human Body can be Intire and Alive in two Places at the same time.*

XIV. *Of the Natural State of the Soul, and its Influence upon the Body.*

XV. *Of the Supernatural, or Miraculous State of the Soul united to the Body.*

The Doctor desires, and I am sure you'll own, 'tis a very reasonable Request, that Gentlemen wou'd be pleas'd to suspend their Judgments, till they see his Reasons, which he will ingenuously submit, without any Presumption on his side, to their better Understanding. He is the more encouraged to publish his
Thoughts

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Thoughts about these Matters, because some of his Friends, to whom he has communicated his Reasons, have told him, That none but such as will not rightly understand him (and People of that Complexion, are never to be convinc'd) cou'd deny what he maintains; because his Reasons are not grounded upon any Metaphysical Abstract, or Hypothetical Notions, but entirely upon the visible Structure of the Human Body. When your Affairs will permit you to come to *London*, you and I will take an Opportunity to wait upon the Doctor, who I know will give you what farther Satisfaction you can desire.

And now, Mr. *Raphson*, I hope you have finish'd in your Country Retirement, your Treatise *de Spatio Infinito, Reali*, which the Learned World has so long expected from your Hands. All your Friends here earnestly long to see you in Town, and particularly my self, who am

Your most Obliged Friend,

and Servant,

T. BROWN.

TWO

T W O
L E T T E R S

B Y

Capt. *AYLOFFE*.

To the Lord North and Grey.

My LORD,

YOU seem to wonder, what should be the reason that Men, in Matters of *Gallantry*, generally have incurr'd the Censure of Inconstancy, when Women prove faithful even to an Inconveniency. One reason I believe is, that we hate to be long confin'd, and their Conversation soon palls; tho' what may be assigned, with greater plausibleness, I think is, that those very Favours a Woman grants to her Lover, increase and continue her Affection, but withal lessen his. Mens
Pas-

Passion almost always extinguish with-
possession; and what is the Parent of a
Woman's Tenderneſs is the Paricide of
ours: We ſeldom adore longer than we
deſire, and what we aim at moſt can be
conferri'd but once. In our Sex there is
not that fatal diſtinction: but as a Vir-
gin, after yielding, has diſpoſſeſs'd her-
ſelf of that Jewel which every one was
willing to have purchas'd, and only
courted her for. I believe the Demon-
ſtrations of Love from Women, are
more real than ours; there being too
frequently more of Vanity than Verity,
more of Study than Affection in our Pre-
tences: But it's no ſmall Wound in a
Woman's Heart, that conſtrains her to
ſpeak, and I really am of opinion, that
ſhe can hardly love more violently, who
confesses ſhe loves at all. A Word ſome-
times drops from their Mouths, which,
as it was undeſign'd, gives a clearer evi-
dence of a growing Inclination, than all
the elaborate Actions and affected Lan-
guiſhings, the greateſt part of Gallants
put in practice. A lovely Face is cer-
tainly the moſt agreeable Object our
Eyes can behold, and the very Sound of
the Voice of one we dearly love, is be-
yond

220 *Letters by Capt. Aylofffe.*

yond the softest Harmony: Yet, by I know not what Fate, I have seen the Juncture when both were without any effect, and this more than once. The Latitude (I fancy) which we take in our Addresses, makes the Impression but feeble: Variety of Objects distracts the choice, and we conserve our Liberty while we are pitching upon a Tyrant. The indulgence of one Woman, who is not extreamly charming, makes some sort of reparation for the slighted Vows we vainly offer'd to a cruel Beauty. Few Men are so much in love, as to be Proof against the continued Scorn of the most agreeable *Phillis*: We ask to obtain, not to be deny'd; and he that can find the same satisfaction in every place, will hardly be long confin'd to any one. Not but that Women, speaking generally, are not so perfidious as Men; and it is Injustice, as well as Malice, in us to treat 'em as we do. They deserve really more than Policy will permit us to shew 'em they do.

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant,

A Y L O F F E.

To

To a Friend in the Country.

YOU have now, at length, left scouring the Watch, and reizing the Exchange-women, bid adieu to *Bourdeaux*, and taken up with Barrel-ale. You are all the Morning galloping after a Fox; all the Evening in a smoaky Chimny-corner, recounting whose Horse leap'd best, was ofteneft in with the Dogs, and how readily Lightfoot hit the cooling Scent, and reviv'd your drooping Spirits with a prospect of more diversion; which some Men, who think themselves as wise in the enjoyment of this World, as all the Men in *Oxford-shire*, are pleas'd to term meer fatigue. And I believe your own Footman would not ride so far and so hard to fetch a good Dinner, as both of you do to see the Death of a stinking Beast. Has not the *Rose* as good Accommodation as your *Catherine-wheel* Inn? And does not a Masque give a more Christian-like chase, and conclude in more satisfaction than the Animal you
wot

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wot of? I saw your Letters to some of our Club, and laugh'd not a little at the strangeness of your Style; 'it smelt of filthy Tobacco, and was stain'd with your dropping Tankard. You acquainted 'em at large with the Scituation of your Mansion-house; how a knot of branching Elms defended it from the North-wind; that the South-sun gave you good Grapes, and most sort of Wall-fruits; your Melons came on apace, and you had hopes of much good Fruit this Summer. After all, in *Covent-garden* Market, we can buy, in one quarter of an Hour, better Plants than your's, and richer Melons, for Groats apiece, than you have been poring over this three Months. You thank'd 'em for some News, that was so old we hardly could imagin what you meant, till *Tom*, who has all the Gazetts and Pamphlets lock'd up in his Heart, as *David* did the Commandments, disclos'd the Mystery to us. I pity your new State indeed: Your Gazetts are as stale as your Drink; which, tho' brew'd in *March*, is not broach'd till *December*. The chief Topicks of Discourse, (for Conversation you have none) are Hawks, Horses, and Hounds; every one of 'em as
much

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much God's Image as he that keeps 'em, and glorifies the Creator in a greater degree, and to more purpose. This you call a seasonable retreat from the Lewdness of *London*, to enjoy a calm and quiet Life: Heaven knows you drink more there, and more ignoble and ungenerous Liquors than we in Town; for yours is down-right Drinking: Your Whoring I will allow safer, but it is meer Brutality too; there is no such thing as Intrigue in all your County, which is like an exquisite Sawce to good Meat, qualifying the Palate more voluptuously. Well, 'tis Six, and I must to the Club, whereas we will Pity your Solitude, and Drink your Prosperity, in a Cup that is worth a Stable of Horses and a Kennel of Hounds So adieu.

The End of the First Volume.

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